THE

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LORD WOLSELEY'S PROPHECY OF DOOM.

Lord Wolseley, in the very interesting and, in many respects, suggestive article on Military Genius which he has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*—extracts from which we publish elsewhere—indulges in a characteristic fling at the tendency of the times. After sneering at the position in the world to which "a sickly and pharisaical philanthropy" has reduced us, Lord Wolseley proceeds to deliver his soul of the following burden of prophecy:—

> The torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England is undermining, and must eventually destroy, that fabric of military and naval strength upon which our stability as a nation rests. With its destruction hundreds of millions of money, now invested in British enterprises, will be removed to some country with an Executive Government strong enough to maintain order and secure the rights of property at home, and strong enough, in a military sense, to hold its own against all foreign aggression.

You cannot argue with a prophet: you can only disbelieve him. But what basis has Lord Wolseley for the calm assumption in virtue of which he dooms us and our children after us to irremediable ruin? He sighs for the times of Marlborough and Wellington, and regretfully compares the position which England holds to-day, and the position which she held after fighting the battle of Blenheim and the battle of Waterloo. But is our present position so immeasurably inferior to that which we occupied in the reign of Queen Anne and at the close of the long French war? Looked at from the Imperial point of view, would Lord Wolseley exchange positions with either Wellington in 1816 or Marlborough at the close of his campaigns? No doubt under Marlborough and Wellington our ancestors achieved greater military renown than any that we have won under Lord Wolseley. But that was because a grim necessity compelled them to invest the whole energies of their people in military enterprise. Of late years we have fortunately been spared such a barren and repulsive waste of strength. Our resources have been otherwise employed, and we have at least as much to show for their investment in the arts of peace as our fathers had for their consecration to the service of war. If it be a "sickly and pharisaical philanthropy" to prefer to people a colony rather than to devastate a province, and to establish a Roman peace amid miserable millions of Asiatics rather than to win the bloodiest main ever fought in the cockpit of Europe, then we plead guilty to Lord Wolseley's impeachments, and only allege in mitigation of punishment that for everything that is instinctively and typically English, England is more potent in the world and exercises a far more effective influence upon the destinies of mankind under this régime of "sickly and pharisaical philanthropy" than ever she aspired to do in the days of the great captains whose renown fascinates the imagination of Lord Wolseley.

We are told of a "torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England," which is "undermining and must eventually destroy" the fabric of our naval and military strength. What proof is there of the existence of any such "torrent"? Where is there any anarchical democracy in these three kingdoms? We have frequently been accused, although most unjustly, of favouring anarchy, and we are undoubtedly so democratic in our convictions that probably Lord Wolseley would be inclined to regard our columns as indicating the high-water mark of that "torrent" aforesaid. But where will Lord Wolseley find in the press of the Empire any journal which has uniformly given him more constant and effective support in strengthening the navy than we have done? It is only "lately," it seems, that this torrent has been let loose. But since the householders were enfranchised they have spent more upon their navy than the old aristocratic and middle-class England ever did except during war. The naval manœuvres themselves were never attempted until after the "torrent" was let loose, and if the Estimates have not been kept up this year to the proper figure that is not due to "anarchical democracy," but to the aristocratic Unionists who are now in office with Lord Wolseley's hearty goodwill. All this talk of anarchy is mere nonsense. There is much less anarchy in England than there is in Russia, and if our democracy does not adequately provide for its own defence, that is a failing common to the Tudor Monarchy which starved the heroes who fought the Armada, and the aristocracy which grudged Wellington the men and Nelson the frigates necessary for the conquest of France.

Lord Wolseley speaks wisely and well concerning the failure of Wellington to exert that marvellous magnetic power of sympathy which enabled Napoleon to double and treble the fighting force of his men. Wellington despised his men. Can Lord Wolseley not see that in statesmanship it is as great a blunder to despise the capacity for government possessed by the masses as it was for Wellington to ignore the capacity for heroic self-sacrifice and enthusiasm on the part of the rank and file? If our leaders are but true to the democracy, there is no fear that our people will not prove themselves worthy of their trust.

THE LOG OF THE "LABRADOR."—I.

With Captain Wiggins en route for the Land of Gold.

So widespread has been the interest excited by the recent despatch from our Ambassador at St. Petersburg describing the concessions made by the Russian Government to the Merchant Adventurers of the Phœnix, that the public will follow eagerly the fortunes of the steamer *Labrador*, with which Captain Wiggins is now making his way through the Iron Gates into the Kara Sea and the mouth of the Yenesei. We are pleased, therefore, to be in a position to print the following extracts from a private letter, not intended for publication, written by a passenger on board. The explanatory sketches, with which the "Log" is illustrated, are reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings by the writer of the letter.

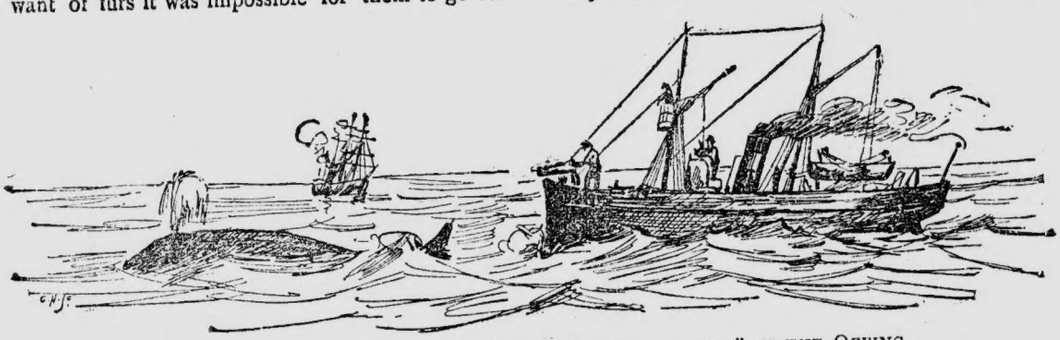
S.S. *Labrador*, Saturday, July 28, 1888.
At sea: Lat. 64° 48″, long. 2° 17″ W.

The "Labrador."

To-day being the first day that I am perfectly "compos mentis," or, more properly, "compos stomachi," I begin this letter, which I do not mean to close till we reach Wardoe, and in which I will try and give you an exact account of our voyage, uneventful enough so far, and of what Frenchmen delight to call my "impressions de voyage." Alas! they may be more strictly termed expressions (*passez-moi l'allusion*), for Æolus and Neptune have treated us most unkindly, and, though not outrageously ill, I have been squeamish with variations. From about twelve hours after leaving Peterhead we have had a succession of strong head winds, and our course has been decidedly erratic. We have not had anything approaching a regular gale in the wind line, but the sea has been very high, showing there must have been very heavy storms to the northward. To-day, however, the sea has gone down, and with a fine bright sun has knocked together a real good day. With occasional tacks from E. to W., we ran from Peterhead to the Norwegian coast, which we sighted on Monday, the 23rd. It was the high land above Bergen which we saw, about forty miles on our starboard bow. The captain's intention then was to keep on a N.E. course along the coast, at about forty miles distance, but a stiff breeze set in from the N.E., and we had to run on a westerly course under sail. This course we held till Thursday, when the wind shifted, the sea moderated, and under sail and steam we shaped the N.E. course, which we are at the present holding. If matters continue *in statu quo* we will fetch the Lofoden Islands, a group situated off the N.W. point of Norway, in about three or four days. Our engines are real tantalizers. Of course they are not strong enough, and our supply of coal is not large enough to enable us to get steam against a heavy sea and a strong head wind; so when these objectionable symptoms make their appearance we must bank our fires and submit with the best grace possible to beating up against the said wind under sail. It is only when the sea moderates and the wind is fairly favourable that the "kettle is put on again." As we only had eighty tons of coal on board on starting, and we burn from seven to nine a day, we have to be careful and make as much use of our sail power as possible.

The *Labrador* has not been half as lively, considering the heaviness of the sea, as one would have expected from her size and the weight of her masts; but she has been lively enough to plunge L—— and S—— into the lowest abyss of misery (active) and me into a state of misery (passive, with occasional activity), which has made to-day's change a true boon and blessing. Of course we have had occasional fits of stomachic

lucidity during which we have managed to settle down into a shipshape "*Lebenslauf*." We have got our berth quite smart, almost elegant. We inaugurated a service on Sunday, at which I played on that most wheezy of harmoniums (I confess I nearly made a rush of it in the middle of one of the hymns). We have had yarns spun us by the men; and we have actually caught one mackerel and eaten him (temporarily). I have not yet had the courage to open a book, but with a few days' weather like this I hope soon to do some reading. We have so far not suffered from the cold, though these last two or three days we have had a fire in the cabin. The water has been on an average 51 deg., and about 2 deg. warmer than the air; but now that we have crossed the Arctic Circle, which we did at noon to-day, we must look out for colder water. L—— and I have regularly gone on deck before breakfast and had a salt douche; but this has been given up since to-day. L—— has been keeping an exact record of temperatures, and notes with care when we cross the Gulf-stream, deep water, &c. S——, the engineer, is also a very good sort, a thorough Englishman, who though horribly ill, made light of it, and was quite cheery. I never really succumbed, but felt miserable, and in a horrible temper. I have had some long talks with some of the men, and heard wonderful tales of the life they lead whaling, for they are almost all of them whalers by profession. Of course, the second mate, Leigh Smith's companion, has far away the most to tell. The calm way in which he talks about what must have been the most appalling experience is splendid. Our first mate, or rather second captain, is also a great character. He had given up the command of his whaler, and had retired into a civil capacity in the shape of a butcher, or "flesher," as he called it, at Dundee. On the Friday evening before we left Newcastle he got a telegram from Wiggins, offering him this berth, whereupon he sold his business then and there, and on Saturday at noon was on his way to join the good ship *Labrador*. Crowther, the second mate, admits that the finest time he has had in his life was the four months which he spent at the Fisheries Exhibition in London, showing the boats and log hut in which Leigh Smith's crew had passed the winter after the sinking of the *Eira*. As you know, this took place quite suddenly, leaving them standing on the ice without provisions, furs, or even boots! Luckily, they had their guns and ammunition, with which they made a large provision of sea-birds; and on these and the flesh of an occasional walrus and polar bear they subsisted through the winter. The only form of cooking these birds went through was to have their feathers singed off, as fuel was very scarce. Thanks to a retriever dog they had with them (who with a cat and a canary bird (!) were their household pets), they got a good stock of bear hams. Of course, with their want of furs it was impossible for them to go out searching for game, so the dog used to sally forth and attract the attention of any marauding bear, and then retreat to the log hut. The bear followed and was shot through a crack of the door. Wiggins maintained that had they rescued their provisions they would not have lived through the winter, as they would not have made this stock of birds; and the salt provisions, with their want of exercise, would have soon laid them low with scurvy. It was only the blood of these raw provisions which kept them going. The worst part of the whole thing, however, was the awful journey south in their boats.



NORWEGIAN WHALER CHASING WHALE.—THE "LABRADOR" IN THE OFFING.

We have had very few distractions to break the monotony of the journey. After leaving Peterhead we passed through the fleet of French and Dutch trawling boats, which was exciting, as there was a dense fog, and we had to dodge in and out among their nets. After that we only saw two or three more ships; then came a glimpse of land, and then, till last night, nothing but water, water, water, and sky. Last night, however, we did have the excitement of two whales. We saw them spouting for a long time at some distance, but at last one of them, about 50 feet long, came quite close, diving under the ship and coming up for a second or so about 20 yards off. Our men looked upon them with the greatest contempt, as they were not the Arctic or sperm whale, but what are called the bottle-nosed whale, which is only fished for by the Norwegians. Beyond these whales there has been an extraordinary absence of animal life; only very occasionally do we see a solitary gull, and, though we have our lines out every time we are under sail and going at a reasonable rate, I only have succeeded in capturing the one mackerel aforesaid. La Tosca is quite resigned to her sea life, and is quite steady on her two pair of sea-legs.

We have had the most splendid "*nuits blanches*" these last two or three days. [Irish, but impossible to Anglicize.] There is little difference in the lightness, or rather absence of darkness, all through the night; but towards sunset and sunrise there are the most magnificent cloud effects on the water. I hope from Wardoe to be able to enclose in this one or two photographs which L—— has taken. Now I close for to-day. Henceforth I mean to give you day by day a little précis of my diary, which I am keeping with model regularity.

Sunday, July 29.

We have had quite an exciting day. Early this morning, at about 6.30, we passed a large barque, evidently bound to Archangel in ballast, the first ship we have seen for some time. Then we sighted land, along which we have been steaming all day. It is the Loffoden Islands. We are a long way off them, but the day is so bright and the sky so cloudless that we can see their sharp, precipitous outlines quite plainly. They must be very high, and they seem to rise up perpendicularly from the sea. Most of them are covered with snow. It has been far away the finest day we have had, the sun being quite hot, though the air is brisk. While we were at dinner (which takes place at 1.30) we were called on deck to see a school of about twenty bottle-nosed whales who were passing close by the ship. They seemed to be young ones, as they were much smaller than the ones we saw the other day. We had service after tea. I find it difficult to adapt my hymns to my audience, or rather choir, who are all Scotch, and who drawl out each syllable to the most unconscionable length. Wiggins gives us a sort of lecture, chiefly descriptive of what we are going to see, and admonitions to the men as to how they are to behave on shore. It is now 10 P.M., but the sun nowhere near the horizon, so it is difficult to turn in, especially as the steward is playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on an accordion in the so-called pantry, which borders on my berth. So to bed with maledictions.

Monday, 30.

An uneventful day, but the weather magnificent though very cold. We are closing on the shore, and can see the snow-covered mountains of the mainland quite clearly. I tried to make a sketch of it from the bridge, but the shaking of the screw made this a difficult task. We saw several whales spouting on the horizon; they seem as common hereabouts as sparrows in Piccadilly. L—— and S——, our two photographers, had a regular field day. They photographed everything, from Tosca upwards. The actual operation seems to go off very well, but the developing appears to be their difficulty: it is no doubt increased by the absence of a good dark room. The wind has shifted to the N.E.—that is, dead against us again. We are praying not to be reduced to sailing again before we can accomplish the next hundred miles, which ought to bring us to the North Cape. If matters go as they are going here we hope to be at Wardoe in three days. But patience must guide us. I am beginning to get appalled at the proportions this letter is taking, ruination in the form of postage stares me in the face. I had a long talk with our Goa "*chef de cuisine*" this evening in his native tongue. The sailors have been evidently telling him the most awful yarns, and describing this ship as going to winter for three or four years on the North Pole, and his probable lingering death in the embrace of a Polar bear. The poor man, with tears in his eyes, asked me to tell him whether these accounts were correct, and drew a harrowing picture of his wife and children pining for him under the Goa palm trees. I allayed his fears as best I could, but I do not think he was quite the man to bring, as he seems very "frileux" by nature, never even having been a winter in as cold a climate as England. However, he is a very good cook, and makes the most of our daily fare, which now is "salt horse"—that is, salt pork—and salt beef on alternate days.

Tuesday, July 31.

Hurrah! At last we are going round the corner—that is, steering to the East towards the North Cape, which we trust to pass to-morrow towards noon. We are steaming along much closer to the coast, and a very fine sight it is. It consists of very high mountains coming down precipitously to the sea. They are perfectly barren and cold-looking, but their snow-covered tops against the cloudless sky, and with the sun sparkling on the bright blue sea as foreground, are magnificent. But, joy of joys, that we are passing them, and not bound to admire their glories for weeks like the wretched half-dozen brigs who are struggling to beat round the Cape against a fresh east wind which has been blowing for days, and appears hopelessly stuck fast in that quarter. Yes, we are getting quite lively; we have passed three or four steamers laden with deal boards, evidently hailing from Archangel, and making the best of this wind, and at about eleven this morning we saw a really interesting sight. This was a little Norwegian whaler chasing a whale, which at one time came close to us. She was a fine little iron steamer, of about 80 tons, steaming and turning at a tremendous rate. On her foremast she had a crow's nest, with a man on the look out, and in her bows a ready-loaded harpoon gun, with the man standing by to pull the trigger. It looks exactly like one of the Hotchkiss guns we saw on board the *Rattlesnake*. From the way she

was turning and twisting we saw that something was in the wind. Right enough! In a second the huge back of a whale (a real Arctic or sperm whale) appeared for a few seconds not a hundred yards from us. But the whaler was past its mark, and before she could get round, and her gun in position, off went the whale in an exactly opposite direction. And so they twisted and turned, pursuing the whale by the spout he raised when he came to the top. Unfortunately, they did not get a chance for firing whilst we were in sight. These ships generally hunt the small whale, or "finner," as it is called. When they have secured one they tow him into one of the small harbours, where he is cut up, the oil extracted, and with the bones and carcass they manufacture manure. Our whalers work, of course, on a different system, killing the whale from boats, and cutting him up alongside. Thus they only use the whalebone and blubber. It seems, however, whaling is going quite to the bad, the mineral oil having brought down the price of fish oil from £40 to £18 a tank. At midnight we saw, quite as a matter of business, what so many of our beloved countrymen come all this way for to see, namely, the midnight sun. If we had been two days earlier we might have seen him quite clear of the horizon; as it was his lower rim just touched the sea. Then a little pause, and up he rose again. There was a beautiful clear sky, and the "Alpenglühn" on the snow-topped hills was glorious. In the offing there was a little whaler pursuing a shoal of whales, who came spouting across our bows, and another little schooner beating to windward under full sail, and looking as if she were of pure gold as she crossed the streak of sunlight. Altogether it was a magnificent and impressive sight.

*THE LETTERS OF A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.**

THESE letters are full of matter for the student of political economy. The general reader may be repelled by their difficulty. Scientific discussions carried on by correspondence are necessarily hard to follow. The disputations of Ricardo and Malthus seem to have been conducted in a very frank and cordial temper; but, as the replies from Malthus are without exception missing, we cannot be sure that Ricardo understood fully the views which he criticised, or that we know all the arguments which might have been advanced in their support. At all events, these Letters remain valuable illustrations of the working of Ricardo's powerful but peculiar mind. Admirable for intellectual clearness and logical acumen, Ricardo was almost destitute of the historical spirit or of appreciation for the complexity of concrete economic facts. That he was not quite unconscious of his weakness is shown by the apology which he makes for it in one of these Letters: "There are so many combinations and so many operating causes in political economy that there is great danger in appealing to experience in favour of a particular doctrine, unless we are sure that all the causes of variation are seen and their effects duly estimated." (P. 96.) This is true, and well expressed. But fully as great as the danger which Ricardo feared is the danger to which he succumbed—the danger attending on a habit of mind which treats political economy like mathematics, and is content to make a few hasty inductions the basis of a vast deductive superstructure. Such a habit of mind is not peculiar to the economists of any school. It is part of the nature of many men of eminent ability.

The treatment of wages and profits in these letters affords an instance of the mistakes into which Ricardo was occasionally led by his scholastic method. More than once he recognizes the fact that the standard of living accepted by the wage-earning class is one of the factors which determine the rate of wages. But when he begins to speculate he seems regularly to assume that in every country the wage-earning class will expect and will obtain just the necessaries of life. Thus he considers the cheapness of necessaries which makes low wages possible to be almost the only permanent cause of a rise in profits. What would he have said had he witnessed the present state of affairs? Corn is now cheaper than at any former period in this century, and yet profits in many large industries are reduced to a narrow margin. Wages have probably fallen less than either profits or the price of necessaries, and one reason of this is that the working-class expect a larger share of the products of industry than they did formerly. Again, Ricardo says (p. 49) that in a poor country profits are very much reduced by enormous wages, while in a rich country wages are too low for the comfort of the labourers. It may, perhaps, be true that in poor countries, where industries are carried on in a primitive fashion, and the human frame is well-nigh the only machine, wages absorb a greater proportion of produce than would go to them in a rich country. In any other sense the assertion is contrary to all experience. Does the Hindoo cotton-spinner receive higher wages than the cotton-spinner of Lancashire? Is the Albanian navvy working on the canal through the Isthmus of Corinth better paid than the English navvy working on the Manchester Ship Canal? Similarly, in these letters Ricardo seems to ignore the numerous degrees which may be noticed in the efficiency of labour. He seems to forget that one workman may be cheap at the wages which would be too much to give for another. It is worth while to signalize errors of this kind, for they have had incalculable consequences. Ricardo and his school are the spiritual fathers of revolutionary Socialism. By representing the labourer as doomed for ever to accumulate riches of which he is not to partake, they have diverted enthusiastic minds from the path of gradual and peaceable improvement.

It is not, however, true that this school regarded wealth as the supreme end of existence. Ricardo expressly says, "Happiness is the object to be desired, and we cannot be quite sure that, provided he is equally well fed, a man may not be happier in the enjoyment of the luxury of idleness than in the enjoyment of the luxuries of a neat cottage and good clothes" (p. 138). This is not a very noble or profound philosophy of life, but neither is it the utterance of an all-absorbing capitalist. Ricardo saw and admitted that improvements in machinery might liberate great quantities of labour which could not at once find remunerative employment. The severe temporary distress thus caused is the explanation of the violent resistance so often offered to the introduction of machinery. Although fully justified by experience, Ricardo's admissions on this point gave scandal to McCulloch. "He thinks I have ruined my book by admitting it [the chapter on Machinery], and have done a serious injury to the science." (P. 184.) In the controversy which ensued McCulloch seems to have been reduced to acknowledge that Ricardo was in the right. The more carefully we examine the writings of the older economists the more distinctly are we struck with their integrity and their goodwill to their fellow-creatures. Their mistakes were such as the pioneers of every science are certain to commit. Political economy is often reproached with its sterility. But those who utter this reproach forget the extreme difficulty of economic problems and the comparatively short time during which they have been subjects of study.

* "Letters of David Ricardo to Thomas Robert Malthus, 1810 1823." Edited by James Bonar, M.A., LL.D. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FUTURE OF THE TYPE-WRITER.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 24th inst. I notice a short article on "The Future of the Type-writer," in which your informant states that the machines are still in an experimental shape, that the "coming machine" will be "capable of greater speed, simpler in construction, and far more durable." Also mention is made of the introduction of some half-dozen keys capable of striking those double letters most generally in use. After which the writer states: "This, with some other labour-saving device, it is expected will enable an expert (?) type-writer to do seventy words per minute." Also, "These new machines will break the high prices at which the best have hitherto been sold," &c. He says that, "The last machine put on the market, which seems to be capable of as good work as any of its predecessors, is sold at 75 dols., which is a reduction of 25 dols."

Your informant is evidently very much at sea. The machines at present on the market that are of a purely practical nature—that is, commercially—are undoubtedly the Remington, the Caligraph, and Hammond. The Remington machine, having been first in the market, undoubtedly has claim to attention. As a matter of fact, owing to the energy of its manufacturers, it has more than maintained its supremacy. The first professional contest on record took place at Cincinnati on the 26th ult. Only the two leading type-bar machines were represented, namely the Remington and the Caligraph. The former was operated by Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, and the latter by Mr. Louis Traub. The stakes were for 500 dols. The judges chosen to decide the result were Norman F. Dean, Edwin M. Williams, and Buchanan Perin, well-known Cincinnati stenographers and type-writers. The result was as follows: Mr. F. E. McGurrin (Remington) at the end of 90 minutes showed the following record: From dictation, 4,294 words, or 95.55 per minute; from copy, 4,415 words, or 98.11 per minute; total, 8,709 words. Mr. Traub's record on the Caligraph in the same time was as follows: From dictation, 3,747 words, or 83.26 per minute; from copying, 3,191, or 70 91 per minute; total, 6,938 words—the Remington showing an excess of 1,777 words, or 25.38 per cent. Thus you will see the statement of your informant that the "coming" machine will be capable in the hands of an expert of seventy words per minute, has been realized by the oldest machine on the market. The proprietors of the Remington machine have for several years had more than one most clever device for printing two letters at once, but after exhaustive experiments they have not found, up to the present, that there has been any great saving in time. As to the question of price, that is a very small matter, as the type-writer in this country at the present time is only adopted by large commercial houses or persons of means, and it is very certain that the advantages to be derived from using a thoroughly good machine in which the manufacturers take a pride is far preferable to investing in something that is untried. That the proprietors of the leading machines recognize that improvement is possible is apparent from the fact that they are one and all striving to improve. I think it only just to state that the American papers reporting the contest seem to be unanimous in the opinion that the operators of machines outside of the Remington Standard Type-writer were handicapped by the fact that they could operate faster than their machines would respond.—Yours very truly,

JOHN HARRISON.

August 25.

On the recent voyage of the ship *Eurydice* from London to Melbourne she passed close to the island of Tristan d'Acunha. When the *Eurydice* hove in sight two boats put off to her, each having a complement of eighteen men, who had brought pigs, geese, vegetables, &c., for purposes of barter. Whatever the men wanted, if it were procurable on board, was freely exchanged. Spare books and fish-hooks were also given. Flour, it was said, was becoming scarce on the island. The islanders reported that they were all well, and that their number, according to the weekly census, was ninety souls. The plague of rats with which they were threatened at one time had evidently been stayed, no mention being made of it. The terrier dogs which were sent to the island have probably suppressed the vermin.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The Shouting Emperor keeps up the habit of speaking at the top of his voice. Here, for instance, is the latest string of superlatives which have fallen from the Imperial lips:—"It is the pride of the Hohenzollerns to reign at once over the noblest, the most intellectual, and most cultured of nations." This love of hyperbolical and extravagant exaggeration has not hitherto been the characteristic of the rulers of the "noblest, the most intellectual, and most cultured of nations." Of all things bombastic fustian is the most distasteful to culture, and the constant conscious straining after effect is a novelty which the Emperor will find it difficult to make popular among the sober citizens of the Fatherland.

The signing of the Sugar Convention, which takes place to-morrow—with France left out (a very important exception)—is undoubtedly a triumph so far as it goes, for the principles of Free Trade. Those principles sternly discountenance any protection of special industries, and any artificial cheapening of special commodities. But we doubt whether this doctrinal triumph will afford much practical satisfaction to the English people at large. There are great advantages to the general public in what is called "one-sided free trade"—in the system, that is, whereby we are able to buy cheaply at the expense of our neighbours. So it has been with sugar. France and Germany, for instance, have been paying some millions a year in order that the British workman may get his sugar cheaper. The net result of the new convention will be to raise the price of sugar one farthing a pound. The general public will take some time in learning that the contingent benefit to the sugar refiners was worth the immediate loss to the consumer.

While the grave and reverend fathers of the Church hold aloof in indignant horror from the *Daily Telegraph's* matrimonial discussions, the wild young curate rushes into print, as he is wont to rush into matrimony, with alarming recklessness. Here, for instance, is the last word of "A Marylebone Curate":—

The State ought—

1. To have the power of vetoing every individual marriage.
2. To restrict still further than it has yet done the limits of age.
3. To prevent criminals and diseased persons from ever becoming parents.
4. To interest itself in providing as far as possible for the most desirable combinations, so that the children born into the world shall be fit to live in it.

The State has had many functions thrust upon it, but the State as universal matchmaker is a revival of old conceptions which Herbert Spencer and Auberon Herbert must hail with exultation. This surely is the *ne plus ultra* of State intervention.

It is interesting to note that in France last year many more women than men applied to the Court for divorce and judicial separation. The figures were as follows:—For divorce, 1,848 men, 2,733 women; for judicial separation, 453 men, 2,564 women. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, in a recently-published interview, declared as the last word of American free thought that women should be free to demand divorce at discretion, but that men should only be allowed to claim it on certain clearly defined breaches of the nuptial contract by the wife. The proposal is noteworthy as indicating the way in which the pendulum is swinging to-day. The law, long unduly favourable to the husband, will probably in future err if at all in being too favourable to the wife.

We are glad to see that Miss Flossie Morse's character for endurance has been cleared from the aspersions thrown by jealous critics. So far from being "carried up Mont Blanc in a cradle," she walked the whole way up, and was only assisted in the descent. A girl of twelve who can walk for twenty hours over snow and ice and only lean on the guide's arm during the down-hill part of the route is a prodigy both of pluck and of staying-power. "It was not till the summit was reached," records one of her companions, "that she confessed to feeling tired." She would never have reached the summit if she had.

In St. Petersburg, if a policeman is proved to have dealt a prisoner a blow, General Gresser punishes him severely. The constables in St. Petersburg are armed with revolvers which are unloaded and swords which are seldom drawn. In London the constable has neither sword nor revolver, but he is armed with a truncheon which he uses with a freedom and an impunity that would make the Russian Prefect of Police stand aghast. Yesterday, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich magistrate that P.C. 200 M had threatened to break a prisoner's arm with his truncheon, and had then levelled a blow at his head, which fortunately missed him, but knocked off the top of an iron railing. Nothing daunted, P.C. 200 M then struck a second blow, and this time he felled his man insensible. All that was done to him was to mark the charge-sheet that "he had used his staff without sufficient justification," a fact which probably will mark him out for promotion to special service in Trafalgar-square.

The paragraph in some of the papers this morning headed "Further Suppressions of the National League" is decidedly misleading, since the latest proclamation from the Castle puts the Coercion Act in force in one barony, but puts it out of force in four. It would be rash, however, to attach much significance to this apparent relaxing of the screw, which is probably due rather to statistical and electoral considerations than to any other cause. As for the Land League, their attitude may be judged from what Mr. Sheehy said at yesterday's meeting in Dublin:—

The fact of certain branches escaping was regarded by them as a slur. It almost indicated that they were not doing their duty.

A suggestion made by Mr. T. D. Sullivan at the same meeting ought to be carried out at once. "A Balfour medal," he said, "should be struck, to be worn by those of their countrymen who had been imprisoned under the Crimes Act." This is far better than the suggestion formerly made that the Irish political "criminals" should stick to their prison clothes. There will be the figure of Erin, we suppose, on one side of the medal; and on the other, "the highest point of honour," the plank-bed. They will, of course, be of gold, silver, and bronze according to the length of distinguished service. The wearing of such medals on all public occasions would be of real service as showing what manner of men, women and children, they are whom Coercion makes into criminals.

The Birmingham Festival commenced yesterday with a performance of the "Elijah." Mr. Santley, the old "Prophet," has again recovered much of his old fire and energy. For the rest, in the first part Miss Anna Williams and Mdme. Trebelli, in the second Mdme. Albani and Mdme. Patey sang the soprano and contralto music. Mr. Lloyd was in his usual good voice. The chorus has shown that it is going to do great things. Where most choruses are weak—that is, in the contralto, the Birmingham one has been made strong by the introduction of a large number of male altos. The orchestra is exquisitely well balanced, and displays all the delicacy on the one hand, and vigour on the other that we expect when Dr. Richter conducts.

How well Mendelssohn understood the limits of dramatic oratorio! In the "Elijah," wonderfully and powerfully dramatic as it is from beginning to end, nothing seems out of place in a concert-room. We never dream of asking for dresses and stage properties. The music itself excites greater interest, and depicts the situations far more forcibly than any stage action ever could do. In the wonderful chorus "The fire descends from heaven" who does not hear the rushing flame, and see the people bending in awe to acknowledge the Lord as their God? And in that greatest of the "Elijah" choruses "Thanks be to God, he laveth a thirsty land" who does not see the bursting forth of the tempest and the joy of the assembled multitudes? It is in this self-sufficingness of the music to portray intensely dramatic situations that Mendelssohn's genius shows itself. Whenever an oratorio claims to be dramatic, and fails to be so through the absence of stage properties, as so many so-called dramatic oratorios do fail, the result is generally neither drama nor oratorio, but a feeble sort of descriptive or programme music, reminding one of nothing so much as of the old sidewings, &c., labelled "This is a tree."

At the Swiss "Geographentag," which held its seventh congress at Aarau on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, there was a lively discussion concerning the personality of the "White Pasha." Herr Andreas Bircher, who has just returned from a long residence in Egypt, at the close of a paper on "the present economical and commercial condition of Egypt," gave a series of reasons for the opinion that the White Pasha cannot be any other than Stanley. His arguments seem to have been accepted as convincing by the majority of the members of the Swiss Geographical Society and their guests. "Applied geography" was pleasantly illustrated at the banquet on Tuesday night by the presence of "outlandish" delicacies and wines, which had been forwarded to Aarau by friends of the society in all parts of the world, including Balkan wines, and rose-scented Transcaucasian wines, and Kachalinev, which was placed on the table in its original goat-skin vessels, and served round in a native drinking horn

THE OPPOSITION'S HOLIDAYS.

THE Home Rule chiefs have packed their bags,
And hurried away from town,
For the ocean deep and the mountain steep,
And the air on the breezy down.

The Grand Old Man, in his quiet home,
Is busy the livelong day,
For he'll never rest whilst Erin's oppress'd
'Neath Bomba Balfour's sway.

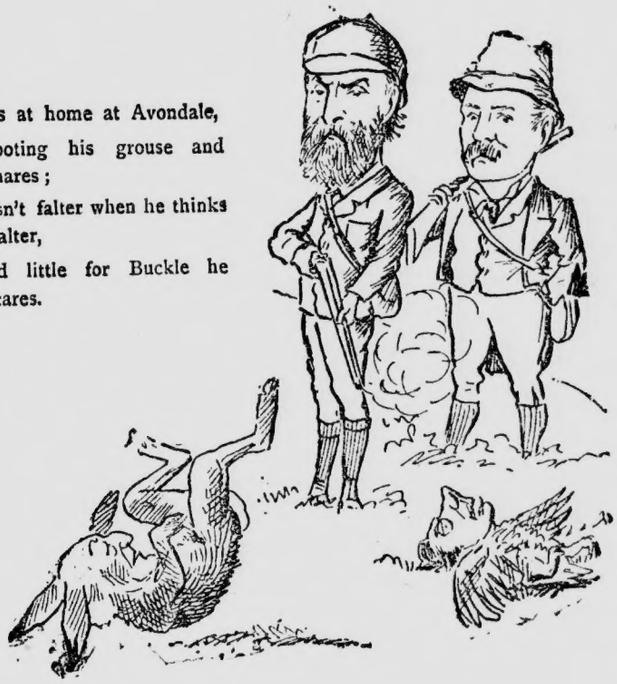
Morley is climbing Helvellyn's heights,
Steady and sure and true;
If he doesn't stop ere he reaches the top
He'll get a fine Home Rule view.

Harcourt rides in his forest glades,
Like a Knight of the Table Round,
He thirsts for a fight and woe to the wight
Who disputes his Home Rule ground.

Spencer has gone to Homburg,
And so has Arnold Morley;
He's terribly bored with the House of Lords,
And needs a holiday sorely.

"Waes me!" said Campbell-Bannerman,
"To Frankfort I maun gae,
For the *Sandfly's* dinged doun a Scottish toun
Upon the Sawbath Day."

Parnell's at home at Avondale,
Shooting his grouse and hares;
He doesn't falter when he thinks of Walter,
And little for Buckle he cares.



John Dillon pines in an Irish gaol,
Fed upon prison fare,
And endless shame will rest on the name
Of the man who put him there.

George Lewis takes no holiday,
As honest as he is "cute";
And he's learning the brogue of Arrah-na-Pogue
In a brand new Irish suit.

The other Home Rulers are gone away
Taking their holidays,
But they'll all come back for a fresh attack
On the Tories and all their ways.

F. C. G.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S LEGAL EXPENSES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR CLEARING OFF THE BALANCE.

WE are glad to be able to announce that there seems at last some prospect of clearing off the fag-end of the heavy liabilities incurred by Mr. Bradlaugh in the long struggle which he has waged in order to secure the removal of the last vestige of religious intolerance from the Statute Book. As will be seen by the letter which we publish to-day, Mr. George Anderson, of 35A, Great George-street, London, has undertaken to act as treasurer. All subscriptions sent to him will be acknowledged in these columns.

LETTER FROM THE TREASURER OF THE FUND.

SIR,—Several newspapers last week inserted a note which appeared in the *National Reformer* from Mr. Bradlaugh, stating that he might have to relinquish his seat in Parliament in order to enable him to earn money to pay off the heavy expenses he incurred while fighting his long battle to a seat in Parliament, which from first to last have amounted to £6,000. These notices have brought him visitors and letters, offering support and sympathy. To carry out these views, I have undertaken to receive subscriptions. Mr. Bradlaugh has by his own exertions paid off several thousand pounds; but his close attention in Parliament for the last two years has prevented him from writing and lecturing, and consequently from further reducing this debt, which still amounts to some £2,000. I trust we may be able not only to clear off this debt, but to hand him a handsome balance, as some compensation for his long political struggle in the public interest. Cheques to be made payable to me, and crossed "Coutts and Co.," or direct to Mr. Bradlaugh, 20, Circus-road, St. John's-wood, N.W. GEORGE ANDERSON.

35A, *Great George-street, London, August* 28.

SUBSCRIPTIONS UP TO DATE.

Sent to Mr. Bradlaugh direct:—	£	s	d
Anonymous	200	0	0
Lord H———	25	0	0
S. Seal	15	0	0
C. A. Watkins	10	0	0
J. D. M. Pearce	10	0	0
J. Caddick	0	5	0

We have received the following contributions to the Fund which we hand over to Mr. Anderson:—

John Vincent	20	0	0
J. Swaagman	10	10	0
"A Lover of Justice"	10	10	0
"An English Churchman"	10	0	0
Lady Ripon	10	0	0
D. F. Schloss	5	0	0
John Wand	5	0	0
*Transferred from the Langworthy Fund	1	1	0
W. H. Purkett	1	1	0
A. Martini	0	2	0

*Mr. J. Harris Sanders desires us to explain that his subscription to the Langworthy Fund was credited by mistake yesterday to Mr. Bradlaugh. It had been transferred to another object some months since.

In addition to these sums which have been sent in, the following promises have been given by readers who will kindly transmit their subscriptions to the Treasurer.

A. Reade	20	0	0
"Religious Freedom"	5	0	0
R. B. Holt	1	1	0
Ed. Clodd	1	1	0

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

Lady Ripon presents her compliments to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and begs to enclose £10 by crossed cheque for the Bradlaugh Fund.

SIR,—Please send the enclosed cheque for £10 to Mr. Bradlaugh, and put me down as a subscriber of that sum as "An English Churchman." Mr. Bradlaugh is, I am satisfied by your proofs, entitled to be relieved from the debt he incurred on behalf of the English people. And as I am sure he has earned a holiday, I hope the subscriptions will reach £2,000 or more. Mr. Bradlaugh, as I know, has done acts of kindness to others, and deserves kindness himself. I am compelled unwillingly to remain "anon." My professional interests would suffer if I published my name.—Yours faithfully, AN ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.

Brighton, August 28.

DEAR SIR,—Your article in Friday's issue will bear good fruit, by showing the Liberals and Radicals in this country the pecuniary difficulty under which Mr. Bradlaugh has to do his work both in and out of the House. I believe it to be a fact that some £1,500 still remains unpaid—a debt caused by litigations, most of all undertaken for the public good. Besides this debt, half his time in which to earn his living is taken up by parliamentary work. Surely his political sympathizers will not allow him to be thus heavily handicaped? If you will open your columns for a Bradlaugh Relief Fund, I feel sure this £1,500 will shortly be subscribed. I enclose cheque for £10 10*s.* towards it, and remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. SWAAGMAN.

City Liberal Club, Walbrook, E.C., August 27, 1888.

SIR,—I hope that you will consent to give practical effect to your generous leader on Mr. Bradlaugh's financial troubles by opening a fund in his behalf. I shall be glad to send you a guinea, and am sure that many who, like myself, agree neither with him or you in some things, will cheerfully give their mite.—Yours faithfully, EDWARD CLODD.

Savile Club, August 28.

At Home and Abroad.

President Cleveland and his secretary (Mr. Lamont) left Washington for Clifton Forge, West Virginia, yesterday, where they will spend several days fishing in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The Republican State Convention of New York, in session at Saratoga, yesterday nominated ex-State Senator Warner Miller for Governor by acclamation.

The Australian Government has extended for one year from next November the contract with the Oceanic Steamship Company for carrying the mails between San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and the Australian Colonies.

A meeting has been held of the Anjuman-i-Islam in Bombay, at which a resolution was passed pledging the Anjuman to join the National Congress which is to be held in the cold season at Allahabad.

There has been a serious outbreak of scarlet fever and diphtheritic sore throat at Old Aberdeen and Oldmachar, which, it is said, is attributable to contaminated milk. Upwards of thirty persons have been affected.

The Norwich town council yesterday decided to invite the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain to hold its summer congress next year at Norwich. There is reason to believe that the Institute will accept the invitation.

The French military manœuvres commenced yesterday in the neighbourhood of Nancy, and will continue until September 15. The mobilized fleet off Toulon will continue their manœuvres until Monday, when the squadron will disperse.

The coroner's inquiry at Portsmouth yesterday, concerning the death of Thomas Jones, barber, and Eliza Jones, his wife, resulted in a verdict that the former committed murder, and then took his own life while in an unsound state of mind.

The large sugar-boiling factory of Messrs. Poppleton and Son, at New Boultham, near Lincoln, was destroyed by fire last evening. There was a very large stock on the premises. Many hands will be thrown out of work by the disaster.

During the racing yesterday afternoon of the Royal Anglesea Yacht Club, Captain Williams, of Bangor, who was acting as sailing master of the yacht *Miranda*, was knocked overboard by the boom off Puffin Island, and drowned. The body had not last evening been recovered.

A shocking fatality occurred last evening at Flitwick station, situated between Luton and Bedford. A young man named Reason had been seeing his brother off to London, and was crossing the down line, when he was caught by the express train and cut to pieces.

Pocket-picking at the Crystal Palace, especially on fête days and Foresters' gala days, seems to be on the increase. Two expert gentlemen were brought before Mr. Biron at Lambeth yesterday, and sentenced to six months' hard labour.

The *North German Gazette*, referring to the announcement of the German occupation of Addelar, says that there was no military expedition to the place. A party was merely despatched for the exploration of the country beyond Togo Land. The semi-official journal denies that there is any ground for the apprehension of disturbance to British trade at Accra.

The coal-owners in the West Lancashire district have resolved to increase the price of coal from the 1st of next month. House coal will be raised one shilling per ton, steam coal sixpence, and slack threepence a ton. The trade of the district has long been depressed, but circumstances now point to a much better state of things during the coming month.

Mr. Fosberry, a Limerick magistrate, while driving home from Iddlestown on Monday night, was waylaid and assaulted by a party of four men, one of whom was subsequently arrested. Mr. Fosberry was struck with a stone, and it was not until he produced a revolver and threatened to fire that his assailants desisted.

A singular occurrence is reported from South Willingham, Lincolnshire. A youth who had been scaring the birds from the corn on Monday did not return, and early yesterday morning his dead body was found hanging from a tree, head downwards. He was partially undressed, and his throat had been cut with a pocket knife.

In London last week 2,401 births and 1,438 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 300 and the deaths 115 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death-rate per 1,000 from all causes, which had been 15.9, 18.0, and 16.2 in the three preceding weeks, rose again last week to 17.5.

After a long examination of the nine tenders sent in for building three first-class cruisers in Spain the Admiralty Board at Madrid yesterday decided to recommend the Government to accept the tender of an English firm, Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company (Limited), and that of Martinez Rivas of Bilbao. The cruisers will be built at that place, where a dockyard will be constructed.

At Birkenhead police-court yesterday, Catherine Goodwin, head mistress of St. Mary's Church school, was ordered to pay £1 15*s.* 6*d.* for assaulting Alice Ball, a pupil, aged nine. Miss Goodwin had been warned by the child's father not to chastise her, as she was constitutionally weak. For making six mistakes in a dictation exercise the child was caned so severely that she had to be treated by a doctor for injury to her thumb joint.

The wife of a railway guard at Dorchester yesterday eloped with a young man, also a railway employé, who lodged at her house. The husband was on night duty, and on his return he found his house locked up, and his wife, two children, and lodger missing, together with a quantity of household goods, and thirty pounds in money. The victimized husband promptly put the police on the track of the runaways, and they were traced to Swindon, and subsequently to Birmingham, where they were arrested.

At Greenwich police-court yesterday, Frederick Morgan was charged on remand with having assaulted Police-constable Stocker. The prisoner was stated to have clung to some railings as he was being taken to the station, and the police then used their truncheons to make him let go. Mr. Fenwick discharged the prisoner, saying he had been sufficiently punished, and marked the charge-sheet that police-constable 220 M had used his staff without sufficient justification.

On Monday eighty-eight plots of freehold building land and thirteen residences on Lord Suffield's Overstrand-on-Sea estate, near Cromer, were submitted to public competition. There was a large attendance of bidders, local and metropolitan. The plots sold for £1,417 15*s.*, and the houses, most of which were disposed of, raised the proceeds of the sale to £3,706 15*s.* This is the beginning of a scheme for developing some 400 acres of Lord Suffield's sea-front estate.

A BETTER ACCOUNT OF THE BALLOON ACCIDENT

THE SEVERE INJURIES OF THE SURVIVORS.

The cause of the accident to the balloon "Cosmo" on Monday is as yet unknown. But for the balloon bursting there is little doubt that a safe landing would have been effected, though the grappling iron had caught in the topmost branches of a high elm tree. Eye-witnesses of the accident state that the balloon burst with a loud report; in fact, a gentleman living a mile from the scene of the fatality states that he distinctly heard the sound, though he was all that distance away from the spot. This matter will doubtless be made the subject of scientific investigation, as instances of balloons suddenly bursting at the termination of a voyage are almost unknown. The explosion literally tore the balloon into shreds when it was at a height of some 50 ft., precipitating the occupants to the ground with great violence. In fact, in the words of an eye-witness, "it fell like a stone." The fabric of the balloon was of the ordinary silken material, which is specially woven for balloon purposes, but instead of a coating of varnish it was covered with an indiarubber composition.

The balloon fell in a barley-field at Ulting, a bleak spot about a mile and a half from Wickham station, on the Great Eastern Railway, and some three or four miles from Maldon. Divided by a narrow roadway is another field, on the edge of which are four elm trees in a line, about twenty or thirty yards apart from each other, and it was in the tallest of these that the grapnel iron caught after ploughing through the first cornfield for some distance. Mr. Simmons appears to have opened the valve with the object of avoiding the trees, but it was then too late, as, although the balloon got past safely, the next moment the grapnel had caught in the upper branches. Three men, two of whom were working in a blacksmith's shop close by, ran to the assistance of the aëronauts, the balloon now plunging and swaying about in the most violent manner. Mr. Simmons called to them to catch hold of the trail rope, which is a rope suspended from the balloon for the purpose of enabling bystanders, when a descent is being effected, to assist in bringing the balloon to a standstill. The balloon then bumped against the ground, and the men made a rush for the rope and the car, but they failed to lay hold of either, and it ascended some 40 ft. or 50 ft.

The occupants of the car were as yet uninjured, but their frantic shouts to the men to hold on the next time the balloon touched showed that they were fully aware of the perilous nature of their position. The men below had not long to wait, as with a desperate plunge the balloon once more struck the ground. The would-be rescuers rushed to the car, and catching hold of the sides tried with all their strength to hold fast the balloon. For a moment or two they succeeded, but the strength of fifty men was needed for the purpose, and an instant afterwards the balloon was again swinging up and down on the line, like a huge kite, many feet above their heads. The balloon struck the earth a third time, but rose before the men could again seize it, and this time on its reascending the explosion occurred, and the torn balloon with its human freight was precipitated into the cornfield.

By this time several other persons had arrived on the scene, and no time was lost in rendering assistance to the unfortunate aëronauts. All three were unconscious. Mr. Simmons was at the bottom of the car, and Mr. Miers and Mr. Field, with a number of bags of ballast, were lying on the top of him. They were all entangled with the ropes, and, seen through the open network of the car, they looked, to use the words of a bystander, "like a lot of birds in a cage." The unfortunate men were with some difficulty extricated from the wreck, all the ropes having to be cut away before they could be got out. They were laid in the field, and every means which could be suggested was used to restore them to consciousness. After a lapse of about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Field and Mr. Miers recovered their senses, but all efforts to restore Mr. Simmons were unavailing. He was removed to a public-house, and died without having recovered consciousness.

The accident took place at ten minutes past five. Mr. Field and Mr. Miers were conveyed to Maldon. Some difficulty was experienced in fitting up a vehicle so as to carry the former, who is suffering from a fractured thigh and a broken leg, with the least amount of inconvenience and pain. Mr. Field is over 6 ft. 4 in. in height, but by the use of some boards and ropes an omnibus was made into a temporary ambulance waggon, and the journey effected with as much ease to the injured man as was possible under the circumstances. Mr. Miers, who escaped with sound limbs, though naturally much affected by the shock, was conveyed to Maldon in a four-wheeled chaise. They were both conveyed to private houses. In the cornfield where the car dropped after the explosion there is a circular indentation plainly visible showing the force of the fall.

Last evening Mr. Field was progressing as favourably as could be expected, but Mr. Miers does not appear to have escaped so easily as at first seemed to be the case. He has received an internal injury of some sort, though its nature cannot yet be ascertained. He was visited yesterday by a London physician and several of his friends.

CAPTURE OF FRENCH SMUGGLERS.

An important capture of smugglers was made on Monday night by the coast-guards of Fontarabia, a Spanish border town near St. Sebastian. It is reported that fifteen smugglers from Hendaye, the neighbouring French town, made an attempt at eleven o'clock to land goods on the Spanish shore. The coast-guards having got wind of this, laid a strong ambush at the landing-place, an outlet of Fontarabia called Magdelena. When the smugglers' boat was on the beach the carbineers called upon them to surrender. The smugglers, however, attempted to escape, and the carbineers fired at them, and captured eleven of their number. One escaped by swimming across the Bidassoa to France. Several others jumped into the boat, which capsized, and were probably drowned. Three of the prisoners were wounded. The boat which was taken ashore was riddled with bullets, the fusillade having lasted twenty minutes.

THE MOROCCO MASSACRE STORY DENIED.

The Moorish authorities at Tangier give a denial to the alarmist report published in a local paper (and sent to London by the Central News correspondent) of the massacre of the Sultan's cousin, with 192 Moorish cavalry, and of a consequent terrible slaughter of the insurgents; and an emphatic contradiction is also given to the statement that the Sultan is surrounded on all sides by hostile tribes. On the contrary, it is stated that, having passed the Feast of Sacrifice in the district of Zeean, his Shereefian Majesty is marching in the direction of Mequinez, where he is expected to have already arrived.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"IMPORTANT TO ALL."—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution: Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

END OF THE REVOLT IN ZULULAND.

PIETERMARITZBURG, August 29.—The revolt in Zululand is now virtually terminated. The British troops are vacating their various stations, the greater part of them returning to Natal. A detachment of the Royal Scots is left to occupy Ceza. Nothing positive is known concerning Dinizulu, but he is generally believed to be a prisoner in the hands either of the Boers or the British.

AN EXPEDITION "OFF" TO SEEK EMIN PASHA.

ALEXANDRIA, August 29.—Lieutenant Wissmann, the German explorer, has left here for Marseilles. The route to be taken by his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha has not yet been decided upon.

THE PARNELL DEFENCE FUND IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, August 29.—Mr. Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League in America, has issued a circular to the delegates of the League, urging them to open a Parnell Defence Fund.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AT A GERMAN EMBASSY.

PARIS, August 29.—An attempt at murder was made yesterday at the German Embassy by an individual who had called there several times during the past week, requesting to see one of the secretaries. On each occasion the hall porter had politely told the man to go, but he returned yesterday, and immediately on entering the doors of the Embassy fired a shot from a revolver at the porter, exclaiming at the same time, "At last I shall have killed one of them." Happily the official received no hurt. The author of the outrage, who was immediately arrested, is a man named Garnier, sixty-six years of age, who declares that he was ruined by the war of 1870, and reduced to the last stage of misery. It is believed that he is quite out of his mind.

DISASTER AT SEA.—FIFTEEN LIVES LOST.

NEW YORK, August 29.—The steamship *Bratsberg*, bound from Sydney to Montreal with a cargo of coal, has been wrecked. Fifteen of the crew perished.

THE IRISH CRICKETERS IN CANADA.

TORONTO, August 28.—The match between the Irish cricketers and a fifteen of the northern counties was resumed at Orillia this morning. The home team, who at the conclusion of yesterday's play had made 58 runs for four wickets, completed their innings for 121. The Irishmen then went in for their second innings and when stumps were drawn had scored 283 runs for the loss of nine wickets, the match being decided on the first innings. The Irishmen were thus left the victors by twenty-three runs.

THE SUEZ CANAL CONVENTION.

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 28.—Sir William White and the Comte de Montebello have addressed to the Porte a collective demand for the signature by the Ottoman Government of the Suez Canal Convention, to which, the British and French Ambassadors point out, all the other Powers, Russia included, have given their adhesion.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN FLORIDA.

NEW YORK, August 29.—Twenty-one fresh cases of yellow fever have occurred at Jacksonville. The epidemic is now assuming alarming proportions.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE HAMBURG FIRE.

HEAVY LOSSES FOR ENGLISH INSURANCE OFFICES.

Up to the present time the bodies of five persons destroyed in a great fire in Hamburg on Sunday night have been found. Five persons are still missing, and two of the injured who were removed to the Sailors' Home are in a hopeless condition. There are only four survivors of all who were in the building at the time.

The flames, coloured white, red, and blue, rising high on a dark night, resembled a magnificent display of fireworks, and attracted many thousands to the neighbourhood. But no one could go near enough to attempt the rescue of the wretched people in the sheds, for flakes of fire fell so thickly as greatly to endanger the houses in the adjoining streets and squares.

The entire Fire Brigade worked day and night, supported by the force from Altona and by the river engines, under the command of Mr. James Empson. Their principal labour, however, was to protect the adjoining docks and wharves, with the works upon them, of which Nagel's well-known distillery is the most important. Happily, the wind was light from the north-west.

The total amount of loss is estimated at £4,678,000, and the following are the chief insurances effected in England:—Atlas, £90,000; Alliance, £99,000; Economic, 25,000; Guardian, £65,000; Globe, £95,000; Northern, £50,000; London, £250,000; Commercial Union, £99,000; Phœnix, £300,000; and Sun, £33,000.

FLOSSIE MORSES'S ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Mr. H. T. J. Coggin, writing to the *Standard* from Bex, Switzerland, gives the following account of the ascent of Mont Blanc by Miss Flossie Morse, a child of twelve years:—

Sanction was given under the following circumstances. The child had done for a considerable time a great deal of walking and climbing, and had shown remarkable powers of endurance. Mr. Evans, a gentleman who has now made his sixth or seventh ascent of Mont Blanc, felt convinced that she could reach the summit, and he alone took the responsibility. We left Chamonix soon after eight in the evening. At La Pierre Pointue Flossie Morse began climbing with us. At twelve we were roped. By the aid of lanterns we crossed the glaciers, and reached the Grands Mûlets at half-past three A.M. Stayed there an hour only, and had eggs, coffee, &c. Started again, roped of course, at half-past four. The morning was magnificent. On arriving at the Grand Plateau we found a party returning, who had been trying to ascend by the Bosses du Dromadaire, but had found the wind too strong. We made the ascent by the Corridor, the Mur de la Côte, and the Petits Mûlets, but even then we had to go somewhat out of the way, which made the ascent more than usually dangerous and trying. We reached the summit about three in the afternoon. I may here remark that Mr. Evans, during the whole of the last part of the ascent, kept asking Miss Morse whether she felt fatigued, and it was not till the summit was reached that she confessed to feeling tired. The worst part of the work—I mean the most fatiguing—now began, for during the next few hours our feet sank two feet in the snow at each step, and Miss Morse was at this time certainly very fatigued, but even then only had the assistance of a guide's arm. However, the Grands Mûlets was reached about seven, and after a cup of tea Flossie Morse seemed quite to recover from her fatigue. A severe hailstorm now came on and lasted a long time, so that the guides considered the glacier too dangerous to cross. Consequently, we slept at the Grands Mûlets, and leaving there the next morning at ten reached Chamonix at two, Flossie Morse not seeming at all tired.

HATCHARDS, BOOKSELLERS, 187, PICCADILLY, W. All the New and Standard Books. Discount 4d. in the shilling. Post orders promptly executed.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE INQUEST ON MR. SIMMONS.

Mr. Harrison, coroner, opened an inquest this morning at Ulting, on the body of Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, who met with his death on Monday under circumstances fully reported on page 7. After viewing the body, the jury drove to the town hall at Maldon, where evidence was taken. Alfred James Walter, a bookbinder, of Barnsbury, said the deceased was his brother-in-law, and he had been living at 35, Regent-street. He was a civil engineer and aeronaut, fifty-four years of age. The last time he saw the deceased was when he started from Olympia in the Cosmo. Mr. Gutteridge, the surgeon who was called to attend the aeronaut after the accident, said he found him at the beerhouse lying insensible and bleeding at the mouth. The pupils were dilated and the breathing was hard. There were no external injuries, but the deceased expired at a quarter to nine, the cause being compression of the brain through a fracture of the base of the skull. Mr. Sharpe, the secretary of the Irish Exhibition, said Mr. Simmons's intention was to cross the Channel. The Cosmo, which belonged to Mr. Simmons, was one of the largest balloons ever made. Frederick Cramer, a labourer of Hatfield Peveril, said he saw the balloon descend at Ulting. At first it was about fifty feet from the ground. It came down in a barley field, rose again, cleared some tall elm trees, and then the grapnel caught in the boughs, and it descended. It bumped on the ground twice very violently. Simmons called out to the men to catch hold of the car, but they could not hold it.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN ROSE, BART.

The remains of the Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., K.C.M.G., Vice-Chairman of the Imperial Institute, who died suddenly while firing at a stag in Caithness, were removed this morning from 27, Portland-square to Waterloo station, and were taken from thence by a special train to Guildford for interment in the family vault, in which the late Lady Rose was buried some years ago, Sir John and Lady Rose having resided at Loseley Park, near Guildford, for several years. The chief mourners were Sir William Rose, Bart., Mr. E. Day Rose, Mr. E. Temple Rose (sons of the deceased), Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mrs. F. Sloane-Stanley (daughters), Colonel Stanley Clarke, and Mr. Sloane-Stanley (sons-in-law). The cortège was met at the cemetery gates by the Rev. W. Saunders, rector of St. Nicholas Church, Guildford, who conducted the service. Among those who went down to Guildford from Waterloo to attend the funeral were Major Stuart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, Sir Charles Brownlow, and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton M. Probyn, K.C.B., the latter representing the Prince of Wales. The coffin was of polished oak with brass mountings, and the plate was engraved with the name, titles, and age of the deceased baronet. There were many beautiful wreaths and crosses, including one from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Grafton, Lady Margaret Charteris, Lady Hayter, Lady Cecilia Rose, Lady Winifred Byng, members of the family, and friends in Scotland. The funeral arrangements were carried out by the Reformed Funeral Company.

ANOTHER RECORD BY THE "FLYING SCOTSMAN."

The "Flying Scotsman" express, by the East Coast route, London to Edinburgh, last night again broke the record, starting from King's Cross at ten, and reaching Edinburgh at twenty-nine minutes past five, or thirty-one minutes before the scheduled time. This is three minutes better than the previous fastest performance. Yesterday ordinary engines were tried, and, to everybody's surprise, they did much better than the compound engines hitherto used.

SEVERE GALE IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

A telegram from Lloyd's Signal Station at Lundy Island, dated August 28, 10.15 P.M., reports:—At 5 P.M., the wind, which had been blowing strong from west and south-west all day, suddenly shifted to the north and for about an hour blew a hurricane. A British brig which was anchored outside the East Bank dragged her anchors and drifted nto mid-channel, and at sunset was seen standing away northward. Another schooner which was beating about off the island had her foresail split, and stood away in the direction of the Mumbles. There were eight pilot boats at anchor closer in, but all managed to hold on. The *Itchen*, steamer, of Southampton, is ashore near Hartland Point, and a second telegram, dated Clovelly this morning, states that the *Itchen* will probably become a total wreck. The crew were saved; two of them by the rocket apparatus.

THE CORK BAND WELCOMED HOME.

A Cork correspondent telegraphs:—The Barrack-street band arrived here this morning and received a very enthusiastic reception. Upwards of two thousand persons met and cheered them through the principal streets. Handkerchiefs, too, were waved from the windows of the houses. The demonstration was quite spontaneous, and no previous arrangements had been made to promote it. The attitude of the band at Olympia is evidently largely approved of, though the mayor and members of Parliament were conspicuous by their absence.

Another incident in connection with the Cork Barrack-street band occurred this morning, which is causing much comment. As the musicians arrived in Queenstown Harbour on board the steamer *Shandon*, and were proceeding up the river to Cork, the band of her Majesty's ship *Revenge* was playing, as they do every morning at eight o'clock, "God save the Queen." The Cork band struck up "God save Ireland," playing the air very much fortissimo.

CHARGE OF SCUTTLING A BRITISH SHIP.

Twelve sailors of the British barque *Gylfe*, who were rescued by the steamer *Persian Monarch* and landed at New York on Sunday, have made the following sworn statement to the British Consul there:—They abandoned the vessel 500 miles off the banks of Newfoundland, taking the barque's lifeboat and going aboard the *Persian Monarch*. The barque had signals of distress flying when the steamer sighted her. At the request of Captain Tait, the skipper of the barque, all hands excepting one man left the craft. The second mate, Robinson, refused to leave the ship, declaring to the officers of the *Persian Monarch* who had boarded her that he considered the vessel in fairly good condition, and he thought he could take her into port. When Captain Tait and the first mate reached the deck of the *Persian Monarch*, being asked about paraffin, they also suddenly refused to abandon the barque, and called upon the crew to return. The sailors of the *Persian Monarch* advised them not to return. The rescued men declare that the captain of the *Gylfe* deliberately scuttled his ship, and saturated her with paraffin preparatory to firing her, requiring the crew to declare that she had 15 ft. of water in the hold. which statement was untrue.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND COUNT MOLTKE.

THE RESIGNATION ACCEPTED WITH A HEAVY HEART.

The Berlin *Official Gazette* publishes the text of the correspondence which lately passed between the Emperor William and Count von Moltke in connection with the latter's request for leave to resign his post as Chief of the General Staff of the Army. On August 3 Count von Moltke wrote:—

Kreisau, August 3, 1888.—Most illustrious, most puissant Emperor-King, most gracious Kaiser-King and Lord Herr,—I feel bound to tell your Imperial and Royal Majesty that at my great age I am now no longer able to mount a horse. Your Majesty requires younger men, and can no longer be served by a Chief of the General Staff who is incapable of taking the field. I should therefore regard it as an act of favour if your Majesty would relieve me from this position and graciously permit me to spend the brief remainder of my days in rural retirement. My warmest wishes are with the successes which are reserved for your Majesty's glorious future.

With the assurance of my most faithful devotion and of my sincerest gratitude for so many honours and benefactions conferred on me, I remain your Imperial and Royal Majesty's most humble and obedient servant, MOLTKE, Field-Marshal.

To this the Emperor replied:—

Potsdam, August 9, 1888.—Mein lieber Feldmarschall,—Although I cannot remain blind to the reasons set forth in your letter, yet it has painfully affected me. To see you no longer at the post at which you led the army to the most wonderful victories which ever crowned the struggles of an army is a thought with which I can as little familiarise myself as the army itself, which is so infinietly indebted to you for its present state. Yet in no ciacumstances can I allow you to over-exert your valued strength, and therefore I comply with your wish, though with a heavy heart. At the same time, I know I am at one with my army in the wish to see you still further concerned with the weal and woe of the Fatherland and its defence. Since the decease of my dear father the office of President of the National Defence Commission has remained vacant, and certainly I cannot entrust it to better or more worthy hands than yours. I beg you, therefore, to favour me and the Fatherland and my army by accepting it, and may God still long preserve for us your invaluable assistance and counsels in this office to the well-being of our nation. I shall send you an ordinance to this effect. With the assurance of my truest gratitude and attachment, I remain your right loving (wohlaffektionirt) King, WILHELM.

WHERE THE PRINCESS OF WALES IS STAYING.

The Duke of Cumberland's residence at Gmunden, where the Princess of Wales and the Empress of Russia are now on a visit to their sister the Duchess of Cumberland, is modestly described in the telegrams announcing the arrival of the Czarina, the Russian Crown Prince, and other distinguished guests, as the "Villa Cumberland." It is, however, in reality a magnificent château, such as is scarcely to be matched throughout the Austrian Empire. The style of architecture is that of a German Ritterburg, and, being situated on an eminence, from which its turrets, projecting balconies, and pointed frontals command on the one side Traun Lake, and a wide expanse of country on the other, it presents in every respect the appearance of a North German burg. From the windows or balconies of the smaller side of the oblong structure a magnificent view is afforded of the spacious lake of picturesque Traunstein, which rises perpendicularly from the lake to a height of some 5000 ft., as well as of the distant Alps, while the longer sides of the castle command the town of Gmunden, with the adjacent country. Surrounding the castle is a fine park, and on the opposite side of the road is the villa occupied by the Dowager Queen of Hanover. The interior of the castle is on a princely scale. The entrance-hall is in the French Renaissance style, while the dining-hall, library, and Duke's study are Gothic. The Duchess's morning-room, with a view over the lake, is Dutch Renaissance; her music-room and boudoir are of the Louis Seize period, while each of the other apartments is in a different style of architecture. The reception-hall has a ceiling of carved pinewood, and is adorned with huge stained-glass windows representing scenes from the history of the House of Hanover, and also with colossal busts of the most renowned members. The architect is a Hanoverian, Herr Schorrbach; and the entire furniture, as well as nearly all the artistic decorations, are the work of former Hanoverian subjects. Adjacent to the castle is a spacious chapel and the "Silberkammer," where a portion of the enormous silver treasure belonging to the House of Hanover is kept.

THE RIVAL TO THE PHONOGRAPH.

Messrs. W. T. Glover and Co., of 10, Hatton-garden, are exhibiting an instrument for recording and repeating sound which has just been brought over from America, and which is called the "graphophone." It is intended to compete with the phonograph in some or all of its applications; and it is, in fact, a phonograph under another name. There are a few differences in matters of detail and in the mechanical arrangements by which the successive effects are produced. The cylinder differs from that used by Mr. Edison in not being made entirely of the composition, but of paper or card, covered by a thin coating of wax. This is so far a disadvantage that the graphophone cylinders cannot be planed smooth and used again, but it is said, on the other hand, that they are very cheap. Mr. Edison drives his machine by an electric motor; the graphophone is driven by a treadle, with an intervening governor to regulate the speed of rotation. The sounds produced by the two instruments do not materially differ; but in the graphophone which was shown yesterday it appeared to be necessary to speak somewhat louder than to the phonograph, and with the mouth nearer to the orifice of the receiving tube, in order to produce the same effect. The graphophone as shown is not fitted with a speaking trumpet for delivering its words to an audience, but the listener must employ two tubes with ear pieces; and the reproduced vocal sounds were attended by a more considerable buzz from friction than is heard in the phonograph. As already stated, the principle on which the sound is registered and reproduced is the same in both. The graphophone is described as the invention of Mr. C. S. Tainter, who claims the merit of having introduced the waxen surface for the reception of the trace produced by vibration.

FRANCE AND THE SUGAR BOUNTIES.

MM. Waddington and Sans Leroy laid a declaration yesterday before the Sugar Bounties Conference on behalf of the French Government. The text of that declaration is as follows:—"The Government of the French Republic adheres in principle to the Convention relative to the suppression of bounties; and in conformity with Article 8 reserves to itself the right to adhere to it definitively after the adhesion of all countries producing raw or refined sugar, and after becoming acquainted with the legislation destined to give a complete and absolute guarantee against the granting of an open or disguised bounty to the manufacture or exportation of sugars." M. Waddington demanded that this declaration should be inserted in the Protocol. France, then, abstains from signing the Treaty.

The Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs arrived at Ghent yesterday, and were received at the Hotel de Ville by the chief Burgomaster, who was attended by the aldermen and members of the Communal Council.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF THE WIMBLEDON MEETINGS.

In a leading article on "The End of Wimbledon," *Forest and Stream*, an American journal of sport, says :—There are not a few, and in the ranks too, who would not grieve if all rifle practice were abandoned, or at any rate cut down to a point where it would be practically unappreciable. Those who fail to make good scores in some instances feel their self-esteem hurt, and at once look with envy upon "those shooting fellows," and begin to think and preach that quite too much time and attention is given to banging away with the rifle. It is quite certain that curling up on the ground to aim and getting records for all sorts of weather into one's score book may not tend to keep the uniform spick and span, but the fact remains that a body of men in uniform and armed, but who are not capable of using those arms as intended, are likely to receive only laughter and scorn from a determined mob, while before an enemy trained in shooting they would stand no possible ghost of a chance. In England it is a question whether the rivalry of the rifle range has kept up the volunteer movement, whether without Wimbledon and its work there would be any English volunteer bodies to-day. The sudden rush into citizen soldiering and the rush for the rifle ranges were pretty nearly simultaneous less than thirty years ago, and if the rifle shooting is not to be credited with whatever there is of the volunteer movement, it is certainly to be credited with a large share of it. Wimbledon has done its work well ; and the only honest hope now is that the progress which the N. R. A. has made may not experience even a temporary check by a change of shooting round.

YESTERDAY'S RAIN AND LAST NIGHT'S GALE.

Rainy weather set in yesterday morning over all the southern parts of the United Kingdom, the fall in London being of a very fine, close, misty character, emanating from a dense pallium of stratonimbus cloud which was moving quickly from the southward. During the day the disturbance grew much deeper as it drifted eastwards towards the western counties of England. The southerly and south-westerly winds increased in strength over the Channel and the adjacent parts of England and France, and in the afternoon the rainfall in London developed into a steady downpour. Three-quarters of an inch of rain had fallen by six P.M., at which time the centre of the disturbance lay over our west-midland counties, and was apparently moving in a north-easterly direction. The evening became finer, but as night fell the wind rose, and later in London blew a perfect hurricane. Along the North Devon coast and elsewhere the full force of the gale was experienced, but so far no news of any serious disaster has been received. The morning broke fine.

Messrs. Craggs' shipyards at Stockton has been reopened after being closed for nearly five years. The shipbuilders at Stockton-on-Tees are now very busy.

The evictions are now being carried out on the Clanricarde estate at Woodford.

Mr. Smith Barry has instituted legal proceedings against the Cashel board of guardians for seizing his cattle for poor rates due by one of his tenants.

Mr. Laurence Oliphant, whose marriage with Miss Rosamond Dale Owen was recently announced, is lying seriously ill at Paris.

The number of passengers between Dover and the Continent last week was 11,800.

Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., who has taken Blackmoor Vicarage, Selborne, Hants, for the autumn, is preparing for the press a revised edition of "Roscoe and Schorlemmer's Treatise on Chemistry."

The Postmaster-General has promised to read a paper at the approaching St. Asaph Diocesan Conference at Corwen on the historical claims of the Welsh Church on the Welsh people.

Sir James King, Lord Provost of Glasgow, received yesterday a letter from the Queen, expressing great gratification at the loyal and very cordial reception accorded to her Majesty by the citizens on both visits to the city. The provost of Renfrew has received a similar letter of thanks.

Lady Margeret Charteris, whose name figures prominently in the subscription list for the sufferers from the floods in the Isle of Dogs, is the chief landowner in the district, and draws a great revenue from the ground rents of that dreary swamp.

It is announced in the *Gazette* that letters patent have been issued appointing Sir Charles Lister Ryan, K.C.B., Assistant Comptroller and Auditor-General, to be Comptroller General of the Receipt and Issue of her Majesty's Exchequer and Auditor-General of Public Accounts, in place of Sir William Dunbar, Bart., resigned.

The marriage of the Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, Archdeacon Francis Henry Thicknesse, and Agnes Beatrice Jane, fourth daughter of the Rev. Marsham Argles, rector of Barnack, and residentiary Canon of Peterborough, took place yesterday at Barnack. The Bishop of Salisbury, who was attended by the Rev. George Argles, Canon of York, the bride's brother, and the Rev. B. Egerton, vicar of Brackley, performed the ceremony.

REPORTS OF CRICKET MATCHES.

THE AUSTRALIANS v. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES PAST AND PRESENT.

After an hour and a half's play yesterday, this match was resumed this morning. When rain stopped the match yesterday, the Australians had scored 123 for three wickets, against 243, which the Universities made in their first innings. The following is the score at present :—

THE UNIVERSITIES.—First Innings.

Lord Harris, c Bonnor, b Ferris	52	G. W. Ricketts, c Lyons, b Trott	25
W. H. Patterson, c and b Ferris	84	Rev. R. T. Thornton, c M'Donnell, b Turner	14
W. N. Ree, b Turner	3	A. P. Wickham, not out	3
W. Rashleigh, l b w, b Turner	14	C. E. Currie, b Turner	4
H. Pigg, b Turner	0	Extras	2
P. J. T. Henery, c M'Donnell, b Boyle	35	Total	243
A. J. Thornton, b Turner	7		

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Ferris, st Wickham, b Currie	5	P. S. M'Donnell, c and b A. J. Thornton	69
Lyons, c Currie, b Pigg	33	Extras	4
A. C. Bannerman, not out	21	Total for five wickets	143
H. Trott, st Wickham, b A. J. Thornton	2		
Bonnor, c Patterson, b A. J. Thornton	9		

NOTTS v. MIDDLESEX.

Middlesex finished their first innings at Nottingham to-day, being all out for 227.

SUSSEX v. YORKSHIRE.

This match was concluded at Brighton this morning, when Yorkshire won by three wickets.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

HOME RAILWAYS FIRM—FOREIGN STOCKS LIFELESS.—AMERICANS BETTER.

A strong demand for money is experienced in the open market this morning in connection with the payments on the Stock Exchange, and the charge for advances for the day is two per cent. and upwards, while a fair number of applications have been made to the Bank of England for assistance, where borrowers have to pay 3 per cent. for seven-day loans. The discount inquiry is small, but the rate for three months' bank paper is still quoted 2¾ per cent., though holders can get them negotiated at less. It is said that Continental houses are buying bills and sending us gold, and if this is correct it will naturally increase the difficulty of the discount houses in maintaining the rate. Little or nothing is now heard of an advance in the Bank rate this week, though there is still an opinion that higher rates will be witnessed in the near future.

The final arrangements in connection with the fortnightly settlement are occupying the attention of speculators on the Stock Exchange, and there is again little fresh business entered into. The movements in prices, therefore, are slight, but the tone is good, and in most descriptions the changes are to higher prices. Consols are firm, though values are unchanged. In the Home Railway market there is little alteration after making allowance for the deduction of the dividends from the stocks of the heavy lines. There has been some buying for the Deferred stocks of the southern lines on the improvement in the weather, and the securities of the underground lines are firm. Foreign Government bonds are inanimate, and quotations are practically unaltered. Spanish has lost the advance marked at the opening, but Mexican Converteds have recovered. American Railroad securities are hard in response to the continued firmness of the New York Stock Markets, and prices are generally higher. The reports regarding the crops and the weather in the North-west were again favourable, and helped the upward movement on the other side yesterday. Norfolk and Western Preference continue to be a favourite security, and show a further advance, and Philadelphia and Reading descriptions are strongly supported, the shares marking a further appreciable rise. Lake Shore shares are better, but otherwise the movements are slight. Grand Trunk of Canada stocks are inactive, as also Mexican Railway issues. Mining shares are neglected, and there is no movement of importance in industrial securities.

The following are the latest changes compared with yesterday's closing :—

In Home Railways—*Risen* : Brighton Deferred, Sheffield Deferred, and Metropolitan ¼, Caledonian, Chatham Preference, North British and South Eastern Deferred ⅛. *Lower* : Great Eastern and District ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Greek 1881 ⅛. *Declined*: Uruguay ⅛ and Egyptian Unified 1-16.

American Railroads.—*Risen* : Milwaukee and St. Paul ½, Lake Shore ½, Louisville and Nashville, Norfolk and Western Preference, and Philadelphia and Reading shares ⅜, Central Pacific, Denver Ordinary, New York Central, Northern Pacific Preference and Union Pacific ¼, Erie shares, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage, and Wabash Preference ⅛. *Fallen* : Missouri, Kansas, and Texas ¼, Denver Preference and Ontario shares ⅛

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher* : Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Guaranteed ⅛, and South Austrian shares 1-16.

Hotchkiss Ordinary shares are up ⅛, Montana, Rio Tinto, and Ooregum 1-16 ; but Spratt's shares are down ⅛.

The directors' report of the Crystal Palace District Gas Company for the half-year ending June 30 states that the increase of private gas rental over the corresponding half-year of 1887 is £1,623, which is partly accounted for by an increased consumption of gas in consequence of the cold and dark weather. The price of gas will be reduced to 2*s.* 8*d.* per 1,000 cubic feet from and after the date of the present Michaelmas quarter's accounts. The directors recommend the declaration of a dividend for the half-year ending June 30 last at the following rates per annum, viz. :—6 per cent. on the Preference Stock ; 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Seven per Cent. stock ; 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Ten per Cent. stock ; and 7 per cent. on the New Ordinary Seven per Cent. shares.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The demand has increased, and prices are hardening. Sales, 12,000. Futures are firm, at one point advance for near positions, and partially one point for distant.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares :—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Brighton (Ordinary)	140	2	London and County	84½	5½
Consols	100⅛	⅛	Do. A	123⅜	4⅛	Union of London	39	40
New Consols 2¾	99¼	⅛	Chatham (Ordinary)	22½	¾	London and West.	66	7
Reduced 3 p. c.	100⅛	1⅛	Do. Preference	100½	1	London Joint Stock	39	40
Local Loan Stock	103¼	¾	North Western	167½	¼xd	Nat. Prov. of Eng	43	4
New 2½ per. Cent.	95⅛	6	South Western	135½	6⅔	Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	43½	9⅛
India 3½ per Cent.	105½	5	Manchester & Shef.	67	9	MINES		
Do. 4½ p. c. Rst	69⅛	⅜	Do. A.	35⅛	6¼	Indian Consolidated	¼	⅛
Egyptian Guar.	101¼	2¼	Met. Consolidated	74½	5	Mysore shares	3	¼
Met. Bd. Wks. 5½	113	⅛	Do. Land Stock	70½	1½	Ooregums	1⅛	⅛
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	103	4	Do. District	34½	¾	Cape Copper	3⅞	4⅛
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	103¼	10¼	Midland	130¾	1 xd	Namaqua	2¼	⅛
Liverpool	111	½	North British	115	½	Mason and Barry	9¼	⅛
FOREIGN STOCKS.			North Eastern	157¼	½xd	Rio Tinto	20¼	⅜
Argentine 6 p. c.	103	5	North Stafford	112	14	Montana £1 shares	1⅜	¾
Do. Hard Dols	69¼	¾	South Eastern	132	4	De Beers	26⅛	⅛
Do. Treasury	97½	8¼	Do. Deferred	105⅛	⅞	Kimberley Cent	30¼	¼
Austrian Gold	90	2	FOREIGN RAILWAYS.			TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.		
Do. Silver	66	8	Canada Pacific	58½	9	Anglo-American	40	1
Brazilian 1875	102⅛	3⅛	Cen. Pacific Shares	35¼	6	Do. Pref.	67	8
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4	Chic. Mil. and St. P	75	¼	Direct Unit. States	9⅝	⅛
Do. Cedulas I.	62¼	⅛	Denver & R. Grande	10⅝	¾	Eastern	12⅛	⅛
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2	Do. Pref.	51⅛	2	Ditto Extension	12⅞	13⅛
Costa Rica A.	90½	1½	Illinois Shares	122	3	United Telephone	13⅞	⅛
Do. B.	83	90	Lake Shore	99⅛	⅛	Globe Teleg. Trust	6½	¾
Egypt. State Dom.	101½	2	Ohio & Mississippi	23⅛	4	TRAMWAYS, ETC.		
Do. Unified	84⅛	⅛	Louis. and Nash.	61⅛	2¼	London Gen. Om.	205	10
Do. Preference	102½	⅜	Mex. Cen. Bonds	69¼	½	London Street	12	14
Do. Daira Sanieh	79⅛	⅝	Do. Nat "A"	63	⅛	London Tramway	14	15
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82¼	¼	Miss. Kan. & Texas	13⅛	14	North Metropolitan	17¼	18¼
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	103⅛	4	N. Y. Cen. Share	111½	12	WATERWORKS.		
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	73⅛	⅜	New York Ontario	16½	⅛	Chelsea Waterworks	256	61
Hung. Gold Rente	82⅜	⅞	Erie Shares	29¼	⅛	East London	197	202
Italian	95	¼	Do. Sec. Mort	101½	2	Grand Junction	124	8
Mexican Converted	39½	⅜	Norfolk & West. Pre	55½	¼	Kent	269	74
Peruvian 5 p.c. 72	13⅜	⅞	N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	38½	¾	Lambeth	258	63
Do. 6 p.c.	15	¼	North. Pacific Pref	60⅛	1	New River, New	347	52
Portuguese	6⅛	⅜	Pennsylvania Sh.	55¼	6	S'thwrk. & Vauxhal	162	7
Russian 1873	97½	¾	Phil. and Read. Sh	27	¼	W. Middlesex	264	9
Spanish 4 p. c.	72¼	⅞	Union Pacific Shares	62¼	½	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
Turkish 1854	99	101	Wabash Preferred	27⅛	8	Gaslight & Coke A.	259	64
Group 1	24¼	¾	Do. Gen. Mort	44½	5½	Imp. Continental	206	9
Group 2	14¼	15	Grand Trunk Sh.	13⅜	⅛	South Metropolitan	315	20
Groups 3 and 4	14⅜	⅛	Do. First Pref.	58½	⅞	Brush Elec. Lt. (£4 pd)	3	½
4½ p. c. 1871	86	½	Do. Second Pre	40½	1¼	MISCELLANEOUS.		
5 p. c. Defence	96¼	¾	Do. Third Pref.	22⅞	3⅛	Allsopp	8⅛	⅜
5 p. c. Priority	82	4	Do. Guaranteed	66¼	7¼	Guinness and Co.	307½	10 xd
Uruguay Unified	72½	3	Mexican Ordinary	46½	¾	Hotchkiss	9	⅛
Virginia Funded	43	4	Do First Pref	119½	20	Bryant and May	12⅝	⅛
U.S. 4½ p.c.	107½	8⅛	Do. do. 2nd Pref	79½	80	Spratt's Patent	9⅞	⅛
BRITISH RAILWAYS			Lombardo-Venetian	9⅝	-⅛	P. and O. Steam	62	4
Caledonian	106⅛	7	Varna 3 per cent	7¼	-⅛	Royal Mail Steam	59	61
Great Eastern	67¼	¾	Nitrate Railway	24⅞	5⅛	Nat. Discount Co.	11	½
Great Northern	118	19	BANKS.			Hudson's Bay	18⅛	⅞
Ditto A	101	2	Alliance Bank	13½	14	Suez Canal	85¾	6¼
Great Western	144⅛	⅛	City Bank	20	1	E. & W. Ind. Dock	26	8
Hull and Barnsley	29¼	30¼	Consolidated Bank	7⅜	8¼	London and St. Katharine	41	2
Lanc. and York	116	17 xd	Imperial Ottoman	10 11 16	13 16			

MR. PARNELL'S SCOTCH ACTION.

Mr. R. Ainslie Brown, the Edinburgh solicitor who has been entrusted by Mr. Parnell with the conduct of his action against the *Times*, arrived in Belfast on Monday. In an interview with a reporter, Mr. Brown stated that he has personal knowledge of the possession of money belonging to the *Times* by an advertising agency upon which an arrest was served. It was decided years ago by an illustrious judge that the mere attachment of an umbrella or a walking-stick is sufficient to found jurisdiction, and in proof of the reliableness of what has been done in the case reference is made to the action of Mrs. Yelverton against the *Saturday Review* in 1865, which was commenced under similar conditions, with the exception that the pursuer resided in one of the Edinburgh hotels for a few days before the act of arrestment. The first mention of the action would be on September 13. Contrary to the opinions expressed in various newspapers several days ago, Mr. Brown believes that the jurisdiction argument will be decided in time to enable the trial proper to commence about a month later.

RESIGNATION OF SIR C. WARREN'S LIEUTENANT.

It was notified in the *Gazette* last evening that Mr. James Monro, C.B., Assistant Commissioner of Police of the metropolis, had resigned, and that he is to be succeeded by Mr. Robert Anderson, LL.D., barrister-at-law.

The announcement of Mr. Monro's resignation, writes the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*, has created much surprise. Mr. Monro was Sir Charles Warren's right-hand man, and it was he who uncovered the dynamite conspiracy, and secured the punishment of the conspirators. More than that, the knowledge he possessed of the working of the Clan-na-Gael enabled him to checkmate its movements. Some months ago he was able to frighten a dynamitard out of Paris and back to America by revealing to him a knowledge of all the circumstances connected with the mission on which he was employed. It was for his services to the public in this particular direction that Mr. Monro was created a C.B. No intimation had been made that he was about to retire, and it is possible that things are not working so smoothly at Scotland-yard as they might. If Sir Charles Warren lost the services also of Chief Superintendent Dunlop and Detective Inspector Littlechild he would probably find himself in difficulties. The public can ill afford to lose the services of men whose special knowledge, acquired by experience, is of the first importance.

RARE BIBLES AND BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Among the most important acquisitions made by the trustees of the British Museum during the year are the following works:—A Bible in the Georgian language, in folio, printed at Moscow in 1743 at the expense of Prince Bakar, the son of King Vachtang, who made use of materials collected by his uncle King Artchyl. This book is excessively rare, as nearly the whole impression was destroyed in the burning of Moscow in 1812. Only ten copies are known to exist, and no other edition of the entire Bible has ever been printed in the Georgian language. Another rare Bible is the one in Armenian, printed at Amsterdam in 1666, 4to, illustrated with numerous woodcuts, as also a Psalter in Armenian, printed at Venice in 1565, 8vo. This book was the first production of the Armenian press established at Abgar at Venice, and is believed to be the first portion of the Bible printed in Armenian. To these should be added Archbishop Parker's rare work entitled "De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ," printed in Lambeth Palace by John Day in 1572, folio, and intended for private distribution among the friends of the Archbishop. It is believed that no more than twenty-five copies of this work exist, and no two copies agree entirely in their contents. Four copies are now in the British Museum. Finally the Missal of the use of the Diocese of Seville, printed at Seville by Jacob Cromberger in 1507, folio; a Service-book of the greatest rarity, and printed on vellum. It is a magnificent example of early Spanish typography, and issued from the press of the first of a family of German printers who worked at Seville until the middle of the sixteenth century. Only one other copy is known to exist, and that is in the Casanati Library at Rome.

LIFE IN TENNYSON COLONY.

The following account has been received from one of those who went out to the new "Tennyson" settlement in South Africa:—"We left East London punctually and arrived at our destination at Sterkstrom punctually to the minute. Ten waggons awaited us for the women and children, and by midnight all hands were in their own homes. At 8 A.M. curling smoke from twenty-five cottages showed the new life had begun. To-day (July 29) we met to thank God for our safe and prosperous journey on the 'Veldt,' or, as the Hampshire men have it, on the 'downs.' There is much to do, and the Sister Enid (so named by Lord Tennyson) has had her share of labour, and has more than fulfilled the anticipations formed of her capacity and spirit. The arrangements made for the comfort of the people by Mr. Arnold White leave little to complain of. The basin in which we have settled—167 in all—is bounded by bare volcanic mountains, which take the colours of the sun from hour to hour. The air is like wine, the soil fruitful, water abundant, and the raw material for physical prosperity present or coming. There seems no reason why we should not maintain the character of 'Tennyson' as a little bit of England across the sea."

THE CURE OF SOULS TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

At the City of London Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, yesterday, the advowson of and perpetual right of presentation to the rectory of Weston Bampfylde (otherwise Great and Little Weston Bampfylde), in the county of Somerset, and the diocese of Bath and Wells), was offered for sale by Mr. Walter Gardner. The auctioneer described the glebe lands as comprising two enclosures of most productive pasture land, containing about twenty-one acres, and let at £60 a year to a highly-respectable and solvent tenant. So far back as 1842 the tithes, which were rectorial, were commuted at £174 6*s.* 6*d.* The sum was subject to variations by corn averages, and is paid by about six principal parishioners. In reply to a bidder, Mr. Gardner said there was no land-tax whatever. The parish had an area of sixty-three acres, with twenty-five houses, and a population of 104 souls, and among these at the present time there was only one case of parochial relief. The age of the present rector was about fifty years—(a laugh)—the parochial rates 2*s.* 3*d.* in the pound, and school rate voluntary. It was a healthy, pleasant locality, and required but little clerical duty. (Laughter.) In response to the invitation of the auctioneer, who suggested that £1,000 would be a fair sum to start the biddings at, an offer of £300 was made, and this sum advanced to £510, beyond which figure intending purchasers did not seem disposed to proceed. Mr. Gardner said that, in the interests of the vendor, he should withdraw the property, as nothing like the reserve price had been touched. He should be happy, however, to treat privately after the sale with any person desirous of acquiring the living.

THE "FORWARD MOVEMENT" IN METHODISM.

The pastoral address of the Wesleyan Conference will be in circulation this week, and read to all the leading Wesleyan congregations throughout Great Britain. In it attention is called to the widespread habit of gambling and to the feverish excitement of commercial speculation, and Wesleyans are warned to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them. Perhaps that which will most attract attention is a paragraph urging Wesleyan Methodists of every political colour to take their proper place and full share in public affairs and the government of the country. The paragraph shows the change which is rapidly coming over this important ecclesiastical body with regard to public questions:—

> We want stalwart Christian citizens at the polling-booth, on boards of guardians, on school boards, in the council chamber, and in Parliament. We urge you to put Christianity into your service of the commonwealth. If the Government and institutions of the country are not to fall into the hands of mere politicians, then earnest Christians must not shrink from citizen duties. We shall always have among us various forms of political opinion—these are necessary to the health of the State; but in all their variety they may be held with brotherly affection and confidence. That is but a feeble Christian life not worthy of the name which can only be preserved by avoiding the toils, the responsibilities, and conflicts of the national life of our time.

To those who are able to read between the lines more will be understood than appears on the surface, and in this most recent utterance of the Wesleyan Conference may be traced the rapid development of what is known as the "forward movement" in Methodism.

BERRY AND THE MEN WHO WERE HANGED.

Berry, the executioner, in an interview with a local reporter, relates the circumstances of a meeting which took place early yesterday morning between the two men Daniels and Jones, who were hanged yesterday morning at Birmingham. They had been kept in their separate cells until about half-past six o'clock, when they made their last toilet and were put in the same cell. As soon as they met, Jones rushed up to Daniels, grasped him by the hand, and said, "Daniels, God bless you! God bless us both! We shall meet, I hope, in the Land of Light." Daniels returned the grasp warmly, replying, "Jones, God bless you. They might have put us together all along." From that time to the end they remained together. When Berry went into the cell to pinion the two men, he asked them whether they intended to say anything on the scaffold. Jones said he had something to say, and Berry advised him to say nothing. Jones thereupon turned to one of the warders, and said, "He won't let me speak on the drop." Berry replied that if Jones wished to say anything he would be able to; but he advised him not to do anything of the kind. Jones then said, "Well, Berry, if you advise me not to say anything, I won't say it." He afterwards asked, "Will it hurt me much?" to which the executioner says he replied, "Hurt you? You stand up brave like a Christian, and I won't hurt you." Jones answered, "I'm ready, then." Berry states that never in the course of his five years' experience, during which he has hanged 136 murderers, has he met two men who died so firmly and with so much courage. He has officiated at seventeen double executions and a triple one.

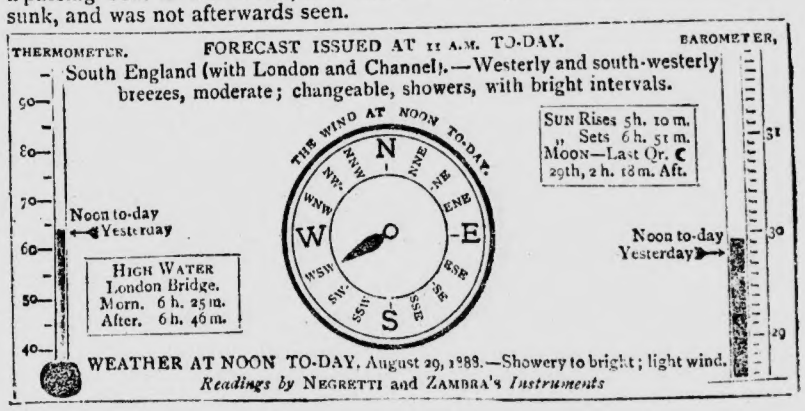
REVENUE RECEIPTS.—The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1888, when there was a balance of £7,647,072, to August 25, 1888, were £31,500,709, against £31,603,471 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,950,107. The net expenditure was £34,550,110, against £34,442,436 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on August 25, 1888, amounted to £1,733,618, and at the same date in 1887 to £2,798,142.

LORD SALISBURY AT ROYAT.—A correspondent at Royat says that Lord Salisbury is enjoying a very quiet holiday there, spending his afternoons at the Casino or in the park. The English Premier exchanges visits frequently with Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador. The latter was present on Monday at a mass, at which there was an offertory on behalf of Cardinal Lavigerie's anti-slavery mission. On this occasion the plate was taken round by Mdlle. de Mohrenheim.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF "ART THOU WEARY?"—Mr. Gladstone has replied as follows to a Welsh gentleman who recently asked his opinion on the authorship of the well-known hymn, "Art thou weary?" "Dear Sir,—I thank you for your enclosure. I regret that I can only very briefly answer your question. Dr. Neale was the translator; St. Stephen, of Saba, the author. Being of the Eastern Church, his name does not appear in the Latin hagiologies. I imagine the hymn to have been composed in the Servian tongue.—Your very faithful and obedient, W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE HEALTH OF MR. DILLON.—Mr. John Dillon, M.P., according to news received yesterday in London, shows no improvement in his condition in Dundalk gaol. He suffers, it is said, from nervous depression, and the loss of weight continues. Before his incarceration Mr. John Dillon had for nearly twelve months been constantly travelling throughout Great Britain, and had acquired a robustness of health which he had not enjoyed for several years. His medical advisers have since his return to Parliament, after his sojourn in Florida, enjoined constant open-air exercise and an active existence as absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life.

A LONDON GENTLEMAN DROWNED AT FALMOUTH.—A sad boating fatality occurred at Falmouth yesterday, when a young gentleman, Herbert J. D. King, aged twenty-nine years, carrying on business as King and Sons, at 26, Milton-street, London, but residing at Croydon, lost his life; and Miss Lizzie Johns, also living at Croydon, narrowly escaped. Mr. King and a party of friends had been visiting Cornwall, and while at Falmouth he engaged a waterman to take him and Miss Johns for a sail in the harbour. The weather was stormy from the south-west, and when in the Roads on the return journey a heavy squall caused the boat to sink. The cries of the three occupants brought a passing boat to the rescue, but before Mr. King could be reached he had sunk, and was not afterwards seen.



LORD WOLSELEY ON MILITARY GENIUS.

OUR ONLY GENERAL ON THE GREATEST GENERALS OF ALL TIME.

To the *Fortnightly Review* for September Lord Wolseley contributes a very interesting paper on Military Genius, from which by the courtesy of the editor we are permitted to make the following extracts of the more interesting passages :—

THE INFLUENCE OF HEROES ON HISTORY.

As nations have been destroyed by individuals, so, too, they have been created by individuals. How, then, can it be said that all the great political and national revolutions of the world are the direct outcome of natural laws? Into every phase of history the sheer ability, will, force of character, the very idiosyncrasies of individuals, and above all other things, the military genius of great commanders or rulers, enter very largely as powerful factors for good or evil.

Should we ever have had the Crusades had Peter the Hermit never been born? And in that case how different would have been the history of European civilization! What an influence Holland has exercised upon the world, and yet, if the sickly, prematurely-born William of Orange had died of the virulent small-pox with which he was attacked in early life, or had John Churchill died of fever in Tangier, there can be little doubt that Holland would have followed the fate which then overtook Alsace and Lorraine, and, like them, it must have become in time essentially French in feeling and an integral part of France. If Wellington in early life had accepted the small post in the Irish Excise which his family pressed him to take, or after Talavera, had he resigned his command in disgust with the interferences of Ministers, as ignorant of war as he was of theology, Napoleon would in all human probability have died in peace and triumph at the Tuileries. After Sir John Moore's death, there was no English general save Wellington. In the same way, a hundred years before, Marlborough was our only commander who was fit to cope with Villars and the other marshals of France of that time. In Anne's reign, the grand alliance, which may be said to have saved European liberty, could have only been kept together by the tact and military genius of Marlborough. It was his great ability in the field that secured the independence of Holland, that saved Europe from the grasp of the great French King, as she was saved a century later from the tyranny of the great Corsican by another illustrious British soldier.

THE APPROACHING DOOM OF ENGLAND.

That in two such remarkable epochs of the world's history, peace and liberty were secured to all Europe by two of England's most renowned soldiers, two of her very greatest sons, would indeed be a proud remembrance for every British subject, were it not for the comparison between the position we then occupied in the world and that to which a sickly and pharisaical philanthropy has since reduced us. Then we were the acknowledged mistress of the seas, and our recognized military strength gave us a power and influence in the world which, whilst it was gratifying to our pride, helped largely towards the creation of this wide empire of ours, and conduced greatly to the good and welfare of mankind. The torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England is undermining, and must eventually destroy, that fabric of military and naval strength upon which our stability as a nation rests. With its destruction, hundreds of millions of money, now invested in British enterprises, will be removed to some country with an Executive Government strong enough to maintain order and secure the rights of property at home, and strong enough, in a military sense, to hold its own against all foreign aggression. Our recent naval manœuvres will certainly cause all Europe to question our naval strength, even if they do not open the eyes of our own electorate to the very disagreeable truths long known to every one not seated on the "front benches."

POETS VERSUS SOLDIERS.

It is not my intention to discuss the relative influences exercised by the poet and by the great leader of men upon the high events of the world past and present. Others must determine which conferred the greater benefit upon England—Blake and Howard of Effingham, who saved us from invasion three hundred years ago, or the greatest of British, if not of all poets, who flourished at the same time. It is not necessary for me to consider whether we as a nation owe more to Wellington than to Byron, or whether the civilized world, and especially Europe, is more indebted to Bismarck than to Heine.

Independence, love of country and of freedom, loyalty, devotion to religion, in fact all that is noblest in man's nature, have been inspired and maintained by the poet's grand appeals to man's highest and best nature. It is not, however, always the poetry of the highest order which exercises the greatest influence at critical moments in a nation's history. England, battling for her own existence and for European freedom, owed more to the simple songs of Dibdin than to all the great poems of that same period, more even than to the noble sonnets in which Wordsworth appealed to love of country and national enthusiasm. A few fiery sentences addressed by Napoleon to the army of Italy had more influence upon the destiny of France than all the volumes of Voltaire.

WHAT IS MILITARY GENIUS?

In many professions and callings genius pure and simple may command success, but genius alone does not make the great commander. When leadership and responsibility in war are conferred upon a man devoid of sound common-sense, tact, good temper, and good health, simply because he can write ably on strategy, or is a first-rate lecturer on tactics, the fate of his army will be that of Genius in the fable. As I understand the genius possessed by the Marlboroughs and Napoleons of all ages, it is composed of a greater variety of talents and of natural gifts than that which has made men great and renowned in any other walk of life. Military genius in its highest sense is a combination of many qualities and powers. A man may shine as an eminent military historian and yet be wanting in some of the simple attributes without which no man can even be a good private soldier. In fact, he need not be a soldier at all. Mr. Kinglake and Thomas Carlyle have shown genius in describing actions in which they had no share. Sir William Napier, though a soldier, made his type of genius most felt as a military historian. Jomini, the greatest of writers on tactics, never held any independent command in war.

VON MOLTKE.

Field-Marshal von Moltke's character is so simple and winning, and his military genius of such a high order, that it is most probable he would have become a great leader of men in the field had any such command ever devolved upon him. At the same time it is quite possible that even Moltke does not possess the qualities which made the "Tenth Legion" love Cæsar, and which made the Roman one of the few great leaders of armies whom the world has ever known. Great coolness of head and sternness of nerve are required by the general whose exclusive rôle in the field is to keep several large armies in motion, each on its own line, but each and all moving, as the pieces on a chessboard, towards one common object. The sternness—I might say, the relentlessness—of disposition which enables such a man to do his daily work unaffected either by the all-absorbing joy of success or by the depressing influences of passing failures, is a rare gift. But it is quite possible that such a strategist, if carried from the safe position of army headquarters, and pushed into the midst of excitement and of peril, and of all the emotions and startling sensations which such a position occasions, might then be unable to exercise the quickness of apprehension and the soundness of judgment that can alone enable a man in that position to duly weigh the circumstances, analyze the situation, and at once come to the right conclusion.

WELLINGTON.

I would instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon, and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius—men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshal Bugeaud and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others, was, I think, wanting in our "Iron Duke." The marvellous magnetic power of the great generous leader (Napoleon) over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington. He seems in his mind to have divided his army into gentlemen and common men, placing a great unbridged gulf between the two classes. With one or two exceptions, he apparently had the very poorest opinion of the military capacity of his generals of division, whilst he believed with all his cold heart in the dash, courage, endurance, loyalty and patriotism of his regimental officers, the sons of English squires and younger sons of what was then called our aristocracy. He seldom, if ever, spoke in appreciative terms of those brave soldiers who carried him in triumph from Lisbon to Toulouse, and if he had any affection for them he never showed it. He believed that when restrained by the most rigorously enforced discipline and led by English gentlemen, they were, under him, invincible. But he never hesitated to describe them as a collection of ruffians, the blackguards of every British parish, the scum of every English town. In fact he was a thorough aristocrat at heart, with all the best sentiments, but still with all the prejudices of that class. There was no genial sympathy between him and his soldiers: they respected him, and during his later campaigns they had the most unbounded confidence in his military genius, but beyond his own immediate military household, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, no one loved him. It is for this reason that I think he will never be classed in the same rank of military greatness—of real military genius—with the five great leaders of men I have named above.

NAPOLEON.

As the highest type of military genius let me take Napoleon. If there be any one rule which may be said to sum up the science of strategy and the tactical art, it is that you should make your plans and carry them out so as to be always superior to your enemy at the point of contact. This rule, carried out with the utmost secrecy and celerity of movement, may be said to have been the great secret of Napoleon's success. The more one studies that grand campaign of 1815, the more is one unwillingly convinced that had Napoleon then been physically the man he was at Rivoli, he would have defeated Wellington at Waterloo as he had just defeated Blucher at Ligny. Napoleon failed, because at that period of his life he lacked one of those qualities which are essential to military success. He was suffering from such terrible physical ailments that the marvellous energy of the past was at times altogether lacking to him.

CÆSAR.

Now let me take Cæsar. What few men not soldiers realize is that quality which Cæsar showed when defeated by no fault of his own at Dyrrhachium, or when, after almost all the world had deserted him because of his apparent failure in Spain, he changed the history of the world by his calm facing of misfortune and his power of using his knowledge of men and his military skill undisturbed by the accidents of fate. It was probably this latter quality that Pompey, himself no mean strategist, lacked, and his want of steadfastness lost him the empire of the world. Unduly elated after Dyrrhachium, he abandoned himself to despair after Pharsalia.

MARLBOROUGH.

Let me now take Marlborough. No part of his life perhaps more perfectly brings out the varied qualities which went to make up the sum of Marlborough's genius than the campaign of Blenheim and the diplomatic labours with the States-General which preceded it. The large and statesmanlike political grasp of the whole situation is easily appreciated by the careful reader of his life. But what Marlborough was on the field of Blenheim itself, how in the moments of apparent ill-success and failure his presence by its combined fire and calmness reanimated the wavering and assured the victory—this may be recorded, but here, as elsewhere, I believe that not one man in a thousand who reads of it realizes what it implies.

GENERAL LEE.

And lastly, let me glance at General Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an uphill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by General McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable; but he lacked one attribute of a general, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius for war which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

THE FUTURE OF ARMIES.

Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to

me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small, standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long, and above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by-and by that a comparatively small standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unwieldy armies of the present day. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that the heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick the Great than Napoleon was. Yet what is the lesson the history of the American war teaches us? All those whose names will be for ever remembered in connection with it by the English-speaking race throughout the world were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Longstreet, Johnston, Hill, and a host of others, whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges.

THE NECESSITY OF IMAGINATION.

There is a quality that must not be ignored in any analysis of military genius: I mean the power of calculating chances. The general who cannot in his mind's eye see before him the whole scene that some projected operation will present, who cannot as it were picture to himself in a series of mental dissolving views all the various and progressive phases of, say, an attack upon his enemy's position, lacks a natural quality which no amount of study can supply. If you cannot in your own mind identify yourself with your antagonist; if you cannot put yourself within his brain, as it were, and reason as he is doing at every critical moment of a campaign, and from your knowledge of men, and of him in particular, gather what he means to do, you can never be in the front rank of great commanders. A vivid imagination, allied to a cool, calculating brain can alone ensure this power to any one. The poetical, the imaginative side of war cannot be dispensed with by the able general, the great leader.

A DAY IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

AFTER a month in the wilderness I find it pleasant—says a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*—to return for a few days to the comforts and conveniences of civilization—at Blue Mountain Lake. As I write, the music from the ball-room reaches me, but through the open window I see, beyond the blue waters of the lake, the dark ranges of forest-covered mountains beyond which we have climbed, explored, and searched for so many days.

Sending the old guide ahead to the Seargeant Pond to secure a supply of speckled trout for the party, we had set out on Monday, June 17, for the woods. Through Tallow and Eagle Lakes, and Utowana—the Lake Sunshine of Ned Buntline—our little flotilla passed, rippling over the mirror-like shadows in the lakes; trees and mossy banks and clouds above, inverted images of trees and clouds below—a very fairyland of glittering pictures, in which nothing was brighter and more joyous than the young college men with me, assistants on the survey. It was afternoon when our boats grated against the shore, and Alvah Dunning and nine men met us to assist upon the portage. Knapsacks were shouldered and we took the trail into the forest. Frequent stops were made at the clear mountain springs, and we marched on until near dark the white canvas of the tents—pitched the week before by an advanced guard—came into sight.

Tents floored deeply and richly with soft fragrant balsam boughs; blazing camp-fires lighting up the forest; a rustic table under an open tent; our good cook, Brown, busy at his work, his assistants cutting firewood and serving the meal, all these were a welcome sight to our weary company. Dinner was finished by the light of paraffine tapers, and then we drew near the fire to listen to the guide's stories of adventures, of wild beasts and game, and later we spread our comfortable blankets upon the deep, soft couches of balsam, and sank into dreamless slumbers, lulled at first by the hoot of owl and the clear musical notes of the wood-thrush—the Adirondack nightingale.

Morning glides in upon one in the Adirondack forest. The intense stillness of the night is succeeded at dawn by the faint twitterings of awakening songsters. The brook, that played softly over its bed of dark, mossy rocks, and could be heard murmuring in the night, now seems silent; its song is lost among the rustling of leaves and the music of the birds.

A bath in the clear, pure water of Seargeant's Pond—huge bass flashing frightened away from the sandy shoals—and after breakfast the survey party made their way through the forest southward, in search of an ancient corner tree marking an important division of State lands from the recent possessions of the lumbermen. Our search led us along the shores of a dark pool—a marsh lake—whose wide margins were one dense mass of trembling sphagnous moss; a wet, spongy carpet of vivid green and red and yellow, rich with wild water plants whose blossoms gave fragrance to the air. Blackly above the lake arose the ledges of a mountain, all reflected and mirrored in the waters. The summit of one craig showed to trained eyes the figure of the rustic signal tripod erected there six years ago by my orders, a triangulation station of the Adirondack Survey which would serve to give us the latitude and longitude of the State land corner that we sought.

At last we found it. In a rocky dell of the dense forest, a gigantic yellow birch reared its scaly trunk, limbless to a great height, before it branched and spread into a mass of foliage, vivid green in the noon sunlight that came through the tree-tops. Around this gigantic birch other old trees were clustered, and now we noticed that nearly every one bore some strange scar—witness marks made by men who searched these forests 116 years ago.

It is a noble tree, this birch. Its bark bears scars and marks and numbers cut there before the American Republic existed. It fluttered those leaves of vivid green as brightly and as merrily when George III. was King as it does to-day. Yes! long before that this giant tree had lived its quiet life; before Braddock had fallen in the ambuscade near the Monongahela; before Wolfe scaled the Heights of Abraham; perhaps when Cromwell swept the Royal army before him along Marston Moor—this tree was breathing the pure Adirondack air. We read the old inscriptions on the bark—a few awkwardly made figures—and traced out the lines. Then the "chain men" began their work. At evening we reached camp again, to find old Alvah with a huge string of speckled trout and the cook spreading for us a feast which the leisure of the day had enabled him to arrange. Another blazing camp-fire; songs by the college lads; stories of adventure by the old hunters, and we sank to sleep once more upon the soft couches of balsam in Camp Seargeant.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at 8.15,
Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD as
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.
Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9. Messrs. W. Blakeley, H. Standing, A. Maltby, A. Boucicault; and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Rose Saker, F. Robertson, E. Terriss, F. Moore, E. Penrose, and Lottie Venne. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. N.B.—Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE REFUGEES. Mr. D. Somers, Miss Agnes Miller, &c.

GAIETY THEATRE.

(Under the Direction of Miss SOPHIE EYRE.)

MARINA, at 8.45 (Last Night), Miss EYRE as MARINA. Preceded at 8 by POLLY'S VENTURE. The Theatre will CLOSE TO-MORROW NIGHT, for final rehearsals of SHE, which will be produced on THURSDAY, Sept. 6, under the stage direction of Mr. William Sidney. Full particulars will be duly announced. Box-office now open daily from 10 to 6. Business Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.

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(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

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(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

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PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.35, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.
At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (705th Performance.)

Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, Edward Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.
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SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, until further notice. Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, R. Cummings, and J. G. Robertson; Mesdames G. Ulmar, S. Grey, A. Cole, and Rosina Brandram.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.

COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, BARBARA.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

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MR. J. T. CARRODUS (Solo Violin) will Play THIS EVENING Concerto No. 8, Dramatique (Spohr), at FREEMAN THOMAS' PROMENADE CONCERTS. Admission ONE SHILLING. No Extra Charge.

HERR ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM (Solo Pianoforte) will Play THIS EVENING Concerto No. 5 (Beethoven) at FREEMAN THOMAS' PROMENADE CONCERTS. Admission ONE SHILLING. No Extra Charge.

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A RAINY DAY WITH THE RAGGED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

AT DOLLIS HILL AND BUSHEY PARK.

"Friend Williams," said Mr. Samuel Gurney some forty years ago to H. R. Williams, who was then, and is still, one of the most indefatigable workers of the Ragged School Union, "Friend Williams, if thou wilt bring the children from thy school for a day down to my house in the country I shall be glad to pay all the expenses." This was done, and never was there a more madly delighted party than the three hundred ragged urchins who on that summer's day went down to the good Quaker's green retreat. They had never been in a train; had never seen horses and cattle let loose in a field; had never stood under or climbed a tree, and had hardly ever called a flower their own. When arrived at Mr. Gurney's place, they were not unlike a band of savages, howling and yelling for joy, and ravaging whatever green things they could lay hold of. Mr. Williams was in despair, and firmly convinced that this first invitation of his promising pupils to spend a day in the country had also been their last one. A few days later Mr. Gurney invited Mr. Williams to his office, where the latter gentleman went somewhat crestfallen, expecting to hear some disagreeable truths concerning his charges. "Friend Williams," said the good Quaker again, "thy children have behaved very well, and if thou wilt bring them down I will have them regularly once a year." This was the first attempt of giving the children of the Ragged Schools a summer treat, and since then not a year has passed without an ever-growing number of little town urchins having had a day's frolic in some green playground of greater London. Last year some six thousand children were entertained, and this year, again, treat after treat has been given to them. The latest of them was a day at Bushey Park, where yesterday six schools made holiday as best they could on what proved a thoroughly wet day.

The day preceding this children's holiday a number of voluntary teachers, nearly 4,000 of whom are giving their services to the Union, had *their* holiday as workers in the good cause, having been invited by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen to a garden party at Dollis Hill. The pretty grounds of the place which has now become famous as Mr. Gladstone's favourite retreat looked their best when on Monday afternoon, shortly after three o'clock, over 250 visitors were entertained in them. The house itself, with roses and clematis climbing towards the roof of the verandah, the carpet-beds all ablaze with tastefully grouped plants and flowers, the little lake with its large white water-lilies, the view over a sweep of fresh green fields to where the steeple of Harrow Church forms a significant landmark, or to where the Welsh Harp sparkles through the trees all helped to make the afternoon enjoyable. But besides these Lord and Lady Aberdeen had provided other attractions for their guests. Cricket and tennis were played, and a capital band had been provided to play and sing at intervals under the trees. The musicians, by the way, were in themselves an interesting group, being the band from the Artain Industrial Schools in Dublin, who have been engaged to play during the present week at the Irish Exhibition. During his lord-lieutenantship of Ireland Lord Aberdeen took a lively interest in the Artain Schools, which are, practically, the Ragged Schools of Ireland, and about which we may have something more to say in a day or two. The band was accompanied by the founder of the institution, Brother Hoope, a genial, elderly priest, who marched round the grounds by the side of his boys with evident delight in the proceedings. An entertainment, which was the more successful as it was extempore, was provided for the visitors when Lord Aberdeen's two youngest sons, dressed in little Irish suits, entered the circle where the band was playing, mounted the box in which the instruments had been brought, and danced jig after jig, shouting with delight, their eyes dancing with childish merriment. "Do it again," pleaded the youngest of the two whenever the band stopped, amid the applause of the audience and the bursts of laughter which the young bandsmen had scarcely been able to suppress while doing their work, and two happier little Paddies have hardly ever danced a jig than the Earl's two bright-eyed infant sons on Monday afternoon before a company of nearly 300 admirers. After tea, which was served on the lawn, Lord Aberdeen gave a short, sympathetic address on the subject of the Ragged School Union, and shortly before eight the last of the visitors left, taking away with them the memory of a pleasantly spent afternoon.

Yesterday being slightly more "watery" than the average day of this holiday season, a trip for the day to Bushey Park could hardly be expected to constitute an ideal summer treat even to the little protegés of the Ragged School Union, unaccustomed though they are to a share in the good things of this world. But the provisions were ordered, the arrangements with the railway company made, and, notwithstanding the grey, drizzling rain which began to fall early in the morning, 1,200 poor children, the pupils of six ragged schools in various parts of London, started shortly after nine o'clock for a day's gambol under the famous chestnuts. They were accompanied by 120 teachers, all of them willing enough to bear the day's burden if only their charges might have a good time of it. The latter were in high spirits, and, with their gay scarlet banners, formed quite a brilliant procession, in spite of the poor clothes, and here and there, alas! the bare little feet, of these humblest of all holiday folks. For some time the thick foliage of the giant trees kept off the wet, and, in the middle of the day, while one of the most important functions of the day—namely, the consumption of a bountiful dinner—was proceeding, there was even a short cessation of the downpour, which raised the sinking spirits of the friends and teachers of the little ones. Presently, however, it recommenced with double vigour, and about three o'clock the park was utterly deserted, except for the corner near the round pond, where the little town birds still tried to chirp cheerfully among the branches, while all their winged compan' had

hidden in some sheltered nook or nest. Herds of deer had the whole of the splendid park to themselves, and came out in scores of scores to stand among the trees or browse close to the main road, till suddenly, when one of the chestnut trees shook its solemn crown as if protesting against the wind and the rain, a shower of chestnuts came down, and the frightened fawns fled in great bounds across the road to where in the distance the antlers of a herd of stags rose just above the curly bracken. The tail of a young rabbit bobbed up now and again, and a daring blackbird was busy on the soft ground, but no human being was near to disturb a scene which, as a "Rainy Day in Bushey Park," might furnish an animal painter with a novel and not unattractive subject,

There was something pathetic in the aspect of the ragged school children, still standing under the trees, and with the unquenchable spirits of childhood still attempting to "make the best of it," while the rain dropped down into their mugs of tea, and soaked their liberal supply of bread and butter and cake almost before it came into their possession. The energy and selfless devotion of most of the teachers was evident everywhere, and spoke louder than words in praise of those whose constant labours of love are directed to the most helpless among the poor. "What I am afraid of," said a pretty young lady teacher to our representative who visited Bushey Park yesterday afternoon, "is that the poor little mites may catch cold and have to suffer for their holiday for days or weeks afterwards. They are all right now, and they are really enjoying themselves, in spite of all, but they are so wet; some are quite drenched; many have worn-out boots and shoes, and some have none at all, and before they get home they may get very cold. If only the children get home without harm it does not matter about ourselves; we have come down for their sakes, and we can get dry clothes when we get home. I have come down with the schools for many years now, but we have never had a day like this." With that she turned to a little urchin and continued her cheerful ministrations. The toys and large baskets of fruit, the distribution of which is, under more favourable circumstances, one of the crowning events at the close of a happy day, had to be somewhat hastily distributed in one of the big tents, and some time before the usual hour of departure the party broke up to make all possible speed towards "the dark parts of the town," whence the little ones had gone forth in the morning with such joyous expectation. The fact that the day's trip was not an entire failure was to a great extent due to the never-flagging cheerfulness and the excellent management and organization of Mr. Kirk, the secretary of the Ragged School Union, who to the very last persevered in "making the best of it," an endeavour in which, as we pointed out, he was aided by most of the 120 teachers.

The last glimpse our representative obtained of a cluster of children was in a corner of Teddington station. Some of the little girls—none, apparently, older than ten or eleven—were standing together around one or two still younger children. One of these, with a woebegone white little face, her wet dark hair clinging to her face, held in her hand a bunch of pink blackberry blossoms, the trophy of her day in the country, and behind her stood her sister, wringing, with motherly solicitude, the water out of the faded cotton skirt of the little one. Another child, with a small sprig of oak leaves in her battered white straw hat, was being vigorously rubbed dry by a taller girl, and yet another little ragged school child fed one of the babes of the party with the rest of what seemed to have been a piece of currant cake, before it became a shapeless lump. But the rain beat down on them all to the mournful end.

THE MORNING TUB MADE EASY.

"I agree," writes Mr. W. D. Scott-Moncrieff, "with the opinion expressed in your Occasional Notes that Mr. Chadwick's estimate of twenty minutes for the morning 'tub' is somewhat excessive, and it is certainly out of all practical limits for the 'tubbing' of a regiment. If the French colonel spoken of happens to be in London, I would suggest that he should pay a visit to the headquarters of the London Scottish Volunteers, St. James-street, Westminster, where, I have no doubt, the obliging secretary will be pleased to allow him to inspect a development of the 'tray and two-handed pump arrangement' which I carried out in 1886 under the distinguished architect of the new Drill Hall. The arrangement consists of a chamber about 14 ft. square, lined with white glazed bricks throughout, in which splashing appliances are fixed of various kinds, the waste water being carried off by means of a gully fixed in the centre of the floor. I believe this bath-room is very popular with the men; and I think the system is one deserving of notice, not only from barrack architects, but especially from poor law guardians and their structural advisers. The ordinary provision of plunge baths for 'casuals' is anything but sanitary, and this is more especially the case where they are not refilled for each separate candidate."

THE JUBILEE OF PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The latest addition to the "Jubilees" is the "Jubilee of Promenade Concerts," which occurs in December. Fifty years ago "Promenade Concerts à la Musard" first attracted the fashion to the English Opera House; and, if not such artistic performances as Mr. Gwyllym Crowe's present entertainments at Covent Garden, they found sufficient favour to be continued until the versatile and theatrical "Monsieur Jullien" started his famous "Concerts d'hiver," in 1841, at Drury Lane.

"Monsieur Jullien" created as much attention by his appearance as the great comet. M. Jullien, the long-haired, the dark-eyed, the graceful-actioned conductor, the most exceptional disciple of *Pecole romantique*, by the fire of his manner did far more to remove the aspersive corruption of the name of the performances to *Concerts des Shivers* than all Mr. Ricketts's patent stoves, which then formed the points of attraction in the promenade, while the inflated language in the bills served as ventilation to prevent the inflamed enthusiasm of the director from spreading too rapidly among the audience.

Who does not remember—if he is old enough—the "several novelties from Paris"? The chief of these was a quadrille from "Les Huguenots," with chorus, the last figure of which was an epitome of the massacre of St. Bartholomew in that opera, and with the gong, the crash, the "great bell," the percussion caps, the choral Protestant, and, above all, the red fire lighted up behind the arras! All this may be called the low comedy of music; but as in that melodramatic age the public required a spice of "domestic interest," an appeal to their tender sympathies in all their entertainments, they were presented at Drury Lane with the musical picture of the slaughter of the Huguenots, relieved by the actual murder of Beethoven.

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AUSTRAL.....	5,588....	7,000....	Aug. 31
IBERIA	4,702....	4,000....	Sept. 14
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CUZCO	3,918....	4,000....	Oct. 12
ORIENT	5,386...	6,000....	Oct. 26
LUSITANIA	3,825....	4,000....	Nov. 9
OROYA	6,184....	7,000	Nov. 23

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LYDIAN MONARCH, Ag. 31 | TOWER HILL, Sept. 8

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